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WOMEN IN ART.

BY EMMA B. KAUFMAN.

THERE was a time when any young woman having serious artistic ambitions or even artistic tendencies felt it incumbent upon her, if she wished to attain to any degree of success, to fly off to Europe, to Germany, France or Italy in search of that subtle something known as atmosphere or sympathy. Such words as *esprit*, enthusiasm, environment followed easily upon the mere mention of Europe. The longing for a foreign country probably exists quite as strongly to-day but there is not quite so much cause for it. In the art annals of less than forty years ago we find the pathetic record of a knot of young women who used to assemble together to avail themselves of the advantages of such poor models and meagre studio-room as coöperation ever made possible. This was before the days of well known private collections and public gallerieis, before famous artists had settled in our midst and before they had begun to admit promising students to their studios, before the Art Students' League was incorporated and even before the Cooper Union existed. To-day it may be said that the academies of Europe offer no facilities that may not be enjoyed at home. Quite recently Benjamin Constant declared that the Art Students' League was just as thorough in its teaching as any Parisian *atelier*.

The lack of that prestige and tradition which lurk about most foreign schools is, perhaps, our only conspicu-

ous fault, but that is a mighty one when they are the generators of environment and enthusiasm. It may be that our schools do not present the certainty of working by the side of clever, eager, earnest pupils, who are absorbed only in mastering the elements and principles of art, who really feel the responsibility of maintaining the prestige of the *atelier* where they have been admitted, whereby, perhaps at the same time, they maintain or even create that indefinable something which I have a moment since referred to as atmosphere. We have the institutions but it may be that we have not yet the high class of pupils who govern the ateliers abroad. There, in a democratic way, they regulate matters, form rules and see that they are enforced.

It is well known that distinguished artists have placed a low estimate on the possibility of giving any really effective instruction in art beyond the indication of palpable errors and the instilling perhaps of few principles. "About all you can tell a pupil is how to arrange his palette—he must do the rest himself," has been said over and over again. On the other hand there are those who maintain that while schools do not make artists nor even manufacture talent, they stimulate the aesthetic impulses of a student, that they interest him in his work, that contact with a few vigorous companions will have enormous influence, and that such really occupy the places of non-



MISS M'CHESNEY.

commissioned tutors. At least they are nearer their fellow pupils and better able often to understand their needs and to impart such elementary principles as they may themselves have but recently passed through. At the same time the cursory visits of a master or professor must not seem of trifling value, they prompt enthusiasm which is certainly an important if not the chief part of an instructor's task, they are really a stimulus, which perhaps only the students themselves can rightly rate, increasing in ratio to the estimation in which the master may be held.

There have been artists of exceptional genius who apparently never subjected themselves to a systematic training such as our up-to-date academies furnish. It is on record that Coreggio, living in isolation at Parma, had set up his own academy by gathering together a few fragments of antique sculpture. But genius is exceptional—our schools are for the masses, and any young woman with a taste or talent for art may find the possibilities of an excellent education in New York. It is certain at least that she may get all the necessary elementary instruction without once

going abroad for it, and probably more advantages than many of her illustrious sisters dreamed of. Only after she has mastered the methods and means of art can she really properly appreciate or study the old masters. It is then the second term of study that may be usefully passed abroad. Let us consider the first as it may be obtained in New York where there are said to be at present hardly less than 2,500 professional art students already in the field before you.

If you have no money at all you will probably turn first to the Cooper Union Art School, whose free classes, as its catalogue sets forth, are for the purpose of affording instruction in the arts of design to women who are unable to pay for instruction. Applicants, of whom there are always more than can be received, are admitted between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five. Attention during the morning classes, which

A MARTINIQUE BELLE.
By Helen Watson Phelps.

are the free classes, is given largely to the commercial and industrial uses of art in their application to various branches of trade, designing and illustrating, retouching negatives and positives, coloring photographs, etc. Many of the pupils are actively engaged in practical illustration while carrying on their own studies at Cooper Union. There are also special pay classes but, if you have money to spend, you will hear of the rare advantages of the more recently established schools and you will turn your steps further up town to the Art Students' League or the Metropolitan School of Fine Arts or, if you are more practically inclined, to the School of Design whose advantages, by the way, are exclusively for women.

The School of Applied Design was founded only three years ago by Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, a woman of wealth and taste, for the purpose of affording women instruction in the application of ornamental design to manufacture and the arts, which might enable them to earn a livelihood. It has also in connection with it an architectural department which has been brought prominently into notice by its successes. Miss Hands and Miss Gannon, two of its students, have recently solved the much discussed tenement problem to the satisfaction of one prominent landlord. While still in the school students manufacture all kinds of exquisite designs for textile fabrics, rugs, carpets, draperies, silks, chintzes and wall papers. Many of them make practical salable designs and, good to tell, when a design is sold the entire proceeds go to the young woman who made it. The tuitor fees are not large—fifty dollars for the year—and if a student shows much talent she has a large chance of obtaining a free

scholarship or the award of some prize.

The Art Students' League is a representative academy founded on the principles of the best schools in Europe and, as such, deserves our consideration. It is maintained for the purpose of furnishing a thorough course of instruction in drawing, painting, sculpture, artistic anatomy, perspective, composition, etc. If you step into it on any work day in the year you will



A MARTINIQUE COQUETTE.

By Helen Watson Phelps.

find it swarming with eager, ambitious faces. It is a world of its own and it would seem to a novice to have atmosphere, art atmosphere, enough in its midst to smother any outside frivolity or distracting thoughts.

In charge of its classes are teachers who have always been artists of unquestioned eminence. It is interesting as an indication of the growth of art in New York to know that the League was



JEANNE D'ARC.

From the painting by Mme. de Chatillon.

founded in 1875 and began existence in a room twenty feet by thirty. To-day it occupies its own fine building in Fifty-seventh Street with something over a thousand students. Considering its advantages of space and light and the fame of its masters its fees are moderate.

Starting with the most elementary class of drawing, examples of solid geometry, faces in outline with features only indicated—the student proceeds with careful steps to simple casts, then on to more complicated ones, then to full length antique figures, and thence to living models. Women are admitted to all its classes on equal terms with men and with equal advantages. This is to be dwelt upon because, even

to this day in Paris they are not admitted at all to the *Scole des Beaux Arts* and at the celebrated *Julian Atelier* they have fewer advantages than their brother students, for which they are obliged to pay larger fees.

One is apt to question a little what becomes of these thousand pupils when they leave the League. There is no fixed time for graduation in art neither, for that matter, does any art school pretend to complete anyone's education, but when, in obedience to some law, the student decides that she must move on it would be interesting and often curious to be admitted into her speculations for the future. It is now for the purpose of giving breadth of view and general culture, and an insight into the large aims of art that the advantages of foreign study are undeniable. If a student goes directly

from an academy or from the *atelier* of some special artist he will probably exhibit in his work the conventionality of academic habits. The French recognized this and provided the *Prix de Rome*, a prize which enabled the winner of it to pass a year in Italy. Latterly we too through private liberality have given prizes and established foreign scholarships to this end. Everywhere we have spring and autumn exhibitions to introduce the work of our American artists to the critics and the public though, as yet, we have no Salon that honors worthy contributors.

It is with the setting up of a studio that the real artist life begins. Portrait painting frequently suggests itself as perhaps the most lucrative form

of art to the anxious beginner, since it may cater to personal vanity and permit a small degree of self glorification. Such artists as Eleanor Bell, an Eng-

lishwoman who has spent many years of her life abroad reproducing the faces of royal lords and ladies, Mrs. Wiegand and Helen Watson Phelps, some of



26

IN BRITTANY.
By Helen Watson Phelps.

whose pictures we reproduce, and a host of others who are too well known to need mention here, have made successes as portrait painters even while they have also increased their reproductions with *genre* work. Miss Phelps talks enthusiastically of a new field which she may virtually claim as her

frightened and finally she discovered that a superstition exists among them that when they die their souls will go into the picture, for which they have sat, forever and ever. However with the persistence of an American woman she managed to capture one or two female faces and she says with pride:



"YOU DARLING"!

From the painting by Maud Goodman.

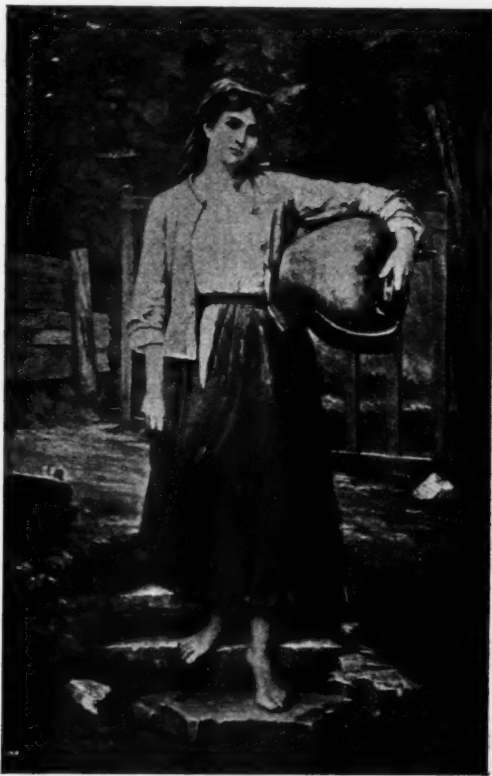
own since no one before or after her has explored it. She has many an interesting tale to tell of her visit to Trinidad and Martinique and of her difficulties in getting the natives to pose for her. Instead of being complimented she observed that they were

"No man could have accomplished this, for the natives are very jealous of their women." In fact Miss Phelps maintains that throughout her artistic career she has found it rather an advantage to be a woman, certainly so in the securing of models of whom many

a one has posed for her who has objected to posing for a man.

Much has been said and written of the Bohemian side of an artist's life, and there are doubtless to-day many mothers who dread it for their daughters. For the most part, the Bohemianism means discomforts, for studios, except in a few more modern and more expensive buildings, are not provided with any of the conveniences that make living a luxury. There are regulation details of furniture that obtain in most studios. For instance, one never meets with a solid comfortable bed, but always with a couch which serves as a practical seat in the daytime. There are always bits of artistic and ingenious design to hide shoes and dresses and washing and toilet articles—they are the familiar equipments of every women's studio that is a studio. You provide yourself with cooking materials and you make all sorts of plans for the Bohemian life which is understood to go with the profession of art. You find it easier than any method that seems to present itself for the sale of your pictures. Possibly the struggle may be as difficult for you as it was for one young woman who had a design for violets in her mind, violets in a certain sort of jug. The idea was there, an idea which she felt certain would bring her to notice and give her possibly some financial return, a most important detail at that moment, as you may believe when I tell you her great difficulty was that she had not enough money to pay for a jug. She looked in the windows of every shop that held a bit of pottery, timidly she entered and examined the stock of one after the other without any very distinct idea of what she was going to do after she had found what she wanted, for to buy it or even to hire it was impossible. At last, however, she found the very thing. She told the clerk it

was just right. She was delighted; so genuinely delighted that I fancy he felt a bit pleased. Then she did as smart a thing as ever did a clever American girl who was going to make her mark. She confided in him, she told him what she wanted the jug for, she told him that she was going to paint a picture for the Academy and that if he would lend her the jug he would be helping her to paint it. She must have pleaded her cause ably, for she carried the jug away with her, and she must have had some talent, for her picture hung upon the walls of the Academy and was sold almost immediately for a sum that would have permitted her to buy a thousand jugs, for they were only fifty cents apiece. At all events she started a great vogue



THE WATER CARRIER.
From the painting by Isabella Venat.



PRISCILLA.

From the painting by Florence Gravier.

for gray jugs and violets, and she started her own way to a fame which has increased ever since and which brought her, at the Academy exhibition of 1894, the Dodge prize. Miss McChesney, the winner of it, and the well-known *genre* artist, is a California girl and entirely American taught. She has never studied under any teachers abroad, although she has traveled there quite extensively; her art education, or more properly, instruction, began in California and ended in New York.

Once established in your studio you probably enjoy, for a time, the delightful independence of living by yourself, of cooking your own food and governing your own finances while any exist. Later, possibly, you tire of the little ill-smelling oil stove which cooks your breakfast, the store of canned meats which give you indigestion, the canvases which accumulate about you.

You have ceased to think of all the romantic stories you have heard about models, for it is ten to one you see in them only poverty and very little that is picturesque or attractive. You have quickly learned to look at them only from a commercial point of view and to wish their fees was something less than fifty cents an hour. There was a time when models in America were something of a rarity, but now they are easily obtainable; they register by the dozens on the books of the various art schools. Some are trained to the occupation from childhood. They seem to come from nowhere and to vanish when necessity no longer demands them. Some of them are married women whose husbands cannot support them or women unable to procure other employment. Occasionally one takes it up for pin money or more occasionally still for an adventure, but the inexperienced model is easily detected. Apropos and in proof of this, last winter a young woman from some newspaper was sent to look into or test the conduct of artists towards their models. Armed with an introduction from some one in the secret she easily obtained a sitting with a well-known illustrator. All went well for some ten minutes, though he insisted afterwards that he detected at the first moment that she was a novice. Suddenly she said, "I think it is going to rain, don't you?" And somewhat later she broke out with, "Oh, I am tired." The artist turned upon her and asked what she was there for. He saw from her manner that she had some ulterior motive and speedily he forced her to disclose it.

Models will knock at your door at all hours with sad tales of poverty and hunger, and, ten to one, if you are struggling to support yourself with art and art alone, you can match them with some yourself. You will very speedily become interested in them or their histories only as they serve some purpose of your art and you will feel kindly to them only as they embody the figures in your mind and make them possible to your paint brush.

I have said that there is not much romance connected with them. An artist said to me the other day: "I have been twenty years among them and only once did I encounter anything romantic." His tale, however, is an unusual one. Possibly it was in the days when models were more difficult to obtain than they are to-day. At all

door. He opened it and there, just as if he were the hero of some novel, stood a very attractive, very ladylike looking young woman. She did not appear in the least like a model and yet, as he looked at her, she seemed to suggest the picture that he had carried for months in his mind.

Her first words made his heart leap



THE LITTLE CUSTOMERS.

From the painting by Mrs. H. P. Allingham.

events he had the subject of a picture in his mind and not a face that he saw seemed to him in the least worthy. He examined his list of models and tried to imagine each in turn in the pose of his heroine but he gave up in despair. Wherever he went he talked of his difficulty and finally when he was on the point of conquering it by abandoning it a knock came upon his

for joy, "I hear you want a model," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I want one very badly."

"Will I do?" she asked.

"To perfection," he answered, and then for a second he paused. She broke in with,

"I am not a professional model—in fact to be frank I have never sat be-

fore but— well I knew you needed some one. I have been told that I fit your subject, and here I am, on one condition."

"Name it," exclaimed the delighted artist.

"If you will give me your word never in any way to seek to discover who I am, and if you should meet me

sonality, when at once she became silent and reproachful. So the weeks passed and so the cause for her coming began to lessen and lessen until it ceased to exist.

"Good-bye," she said finally one certain day.

The artist took her hand, "May I not send you some flowers, some trifles in appreciation of your kindness and as a token of my gratitude?"

"Nothing," she answered.

"And am I never to see you again, am I never to know?"

She looked at him silently, then she murmured softly, "Remember our compact," and was gone.

He met her one day in the street. She was walking with a gentleman. The artist's hand instinctively moved to his hat, but she looked him blankly in the face and it promptly dropped to his side.

The picture was exhibited for some weeks at a prominent gallery in New York. One afternoon the artist came in. "By the way," said the proprietor, "your model was here. She told me she thought she deserved at least an engraving of the picture, as she had sat for it, and one could easily see she had," he added, "from the resemblance. I told her

I was certain you would be delighted to send her one if she would leave her name and address. She looked frightened, then she smiled and said, 'Impossible, I'll do without it,' and hurried out of the store." That was the last the artist ever heard of the model who had made it possible for him to add ten thousand dollars to his income.

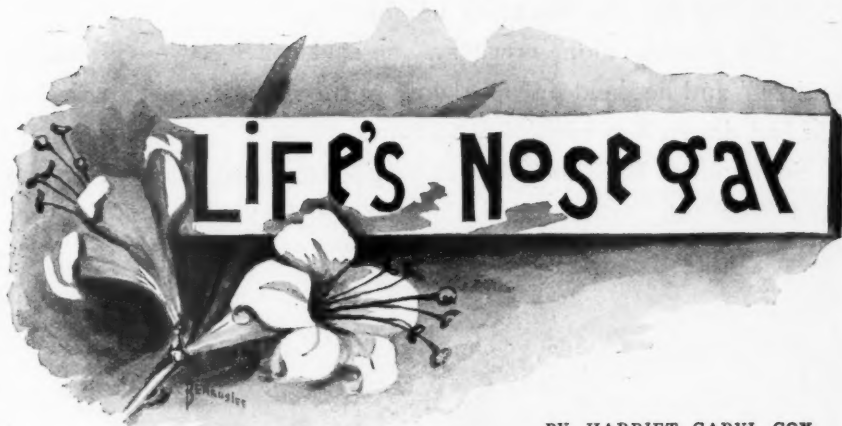


HOW LOVE HOLDS.

From the painting by Mme. H. M. Antigna.

anywhere to give no sign of recognition, I will sit for you till you have completed your picture."

The artist easily consented and the sittings began in earnest. Day after day the young woman came, day after day they discussed all sorts of subjects while her figure grew upon his canvas. Occasionally he touched upon some per-



BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

OUT into the beautiful spring-scented morning, an eager youth, with eyes aglow and heart throbbing with life, pushed his joyous way.

The eastern sky was yet rose-tinted, and the flowers about him were still glistening with dew.

"I will pluck me a nosegay as I go," he cried ; "a beautiful one that I can lay at the Master's feet when night comes on and my journey is done."

Even as he spoke, he stooped and picked the fragile pure white lilies that bloomed by the wayside.

"Never shall I find more beautiful," he mused. "None can please the Master as well as these," and he tarried where the lilies grew.

But the sun rose high. "I must hasten," he cried. So his youthful steps pushed on, stopping here and there to pluck the sweet briar rose or the bright hued flowers that nodded and beckoned to him from every side.

Vistas of gay colors and sweet odors wafted to him on the soft air, drew him aside from the pathway, and oft it was lost to sight.



And now the sun was at its height.

"The journey alone is weary," he said. "See, we will take it together," and he held out his hand to the maiden who with her smile had drawn him back to the pathway.

So hand in hand they wandered together, while he drew the briars from out her path, and she cheered him on when the way

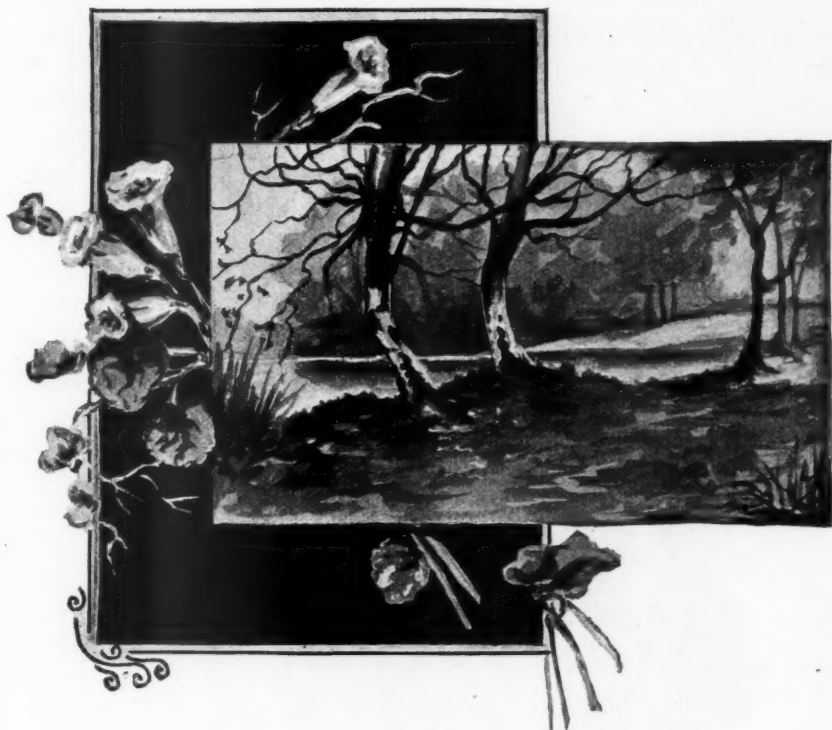


seemed long. Her hands, too, were full of flowers, and he gazed on them with joy.

"They are not like mine," he said, noting the pure white amid the purple pansies and the green of plummy grasses.

"See, my lilies have been long gathered, they are withered and dead."

Gaudy and bright seemed his nosegay beside the purity and dewy freshness of hers.



Scarlet poppies with their jet black hearts, golden rod and marigold, all had crowded out those first tenderly-gathered flowers.

"I will go back," he said, "and gather of the lilies; there is yet time ere the day is done."

But long he sought for the garden where the lilies grew—nowhere could he find it.

"Shall I never find the lilies again?" he moaned despairing.

As he spoke, a voice borne on the wind replied :

"Thou canst never pluck the snow-white lilies again, but because thou hast reached for them, in their stead thou shalt have lilies faintly streaked with rose. See, they bloom at thy feet."

"Even these," he murmured, and eagerly gathered the pale rose-streaked blossoms, and then hastened on his way.

As he joined the waiting maiden, he showed her his flowers, together with others he had plucked on the way—pansies and rue.



Twilight stole on, and they sat down to rest by the river side.

"My flowers are worthless beside yours," he said, and his voice was low. "Could I make the journey over again, I would not wander aside for bright blossoms, but now I must take my nosegay as it is," and he gazed at it long, but his tenderest glance fell on the pale rose-streaked petals.

Then as the Master called, they passed over the river, and passing up the sun-lit streets, they saw that the lilies grew everywhere.

And lo, as they laid their flowers at the feet of the Master, the golden rod, the poppies and the rue, had withered away—there remained only the pure white lilies of the maiden, and the blossoms with the rose-streaked petals.



ZEA MAYS.

BY AMY B. INGRAHAM.

I AM planted in the soft, moist, warm, brown earth, and now I begin to be happy and enjoy existence. It is glorious just to live—to feel I am alive! I've been alive for a long, long time, but could get no food and did not enjoy living. To be sure I was all wrapped up in a lot of starchy stuff composed of atoms just suited to my requirements and anxious to join me and help me grow, but they were dried hard together and there was no water to moisten and separate them so I could draw them to me and use them.

Do you want to know what I am? I am the tiny germ in a grain of corn, and the kernel which surrounds me is the food I require to help me grow. My Indian name is maize, and my botanical name, *zea mays*.

I have an irresistible desire to attract atoms to myself, imbue them with my personality, grow larger and be something. I feel I ought to be, and yet I hardly know what it is. I will absorb these atoms surrounding me, grow bigger and push roots down into the earth and a leaf up into the air.

There, now I can breathe! How good the air seems! This is grand! Did you not know I could breathe? I can. This green leaf I am pushing out is a lung, and, through it I take in carbon from the air. It is also my stomach, for to it I bring the food my roots collect and there spread it out, and the warm sunlight falls on it and helps digest and prepare it to become a part of me. Do you see that big vein and all the little ones that spread over the leaf? The leaf is full of a great many more so small you cannot see them without a microscope. They carry the food back and forth.

But I do not want to grow all in one leaf, so I grow a joint of stalk and another leaf at the top of it, then another joint and another leaf until I

do not want to grow taller. You cannot imagine what a pleasure it is to gather food from the earth and air and grow. I absolutely enjoy it.

Did you never hear me rustle when the breezes blow over me? Then, I laugh and chatter and am glad to be alive, and you feel glad, too, when you hear me, although you are hardly aware what makes you glad; it is because we are both alive, and one live thing always sympathizes with and inspires other live things to live and grow. You enjoy life more because you are conscious I live, and I feel the life and growth of things around me, and it helps me to grow, too.

At last, I have grown almost as large as I care to grow, so I send out from the axils of two leaves what will be ears of corn, wrapped up in thick, green blankets. Long, silky threads grow from each place where I intend to have a kernel of corn, and are gathered in a bunch which hangs from the end of the ear. At the same time a pretty plume or tassel grows from the top of the stalk, and from this tassel a fine powder dusts on the silky threads. The powder grows down to where the kernels are to be, and there becomes shiny golden grains of corn.

These are my babies. Beautiful babies, are they not, with silky, yellow hair? Planted in the soft, warm earth next spring, they will grow into plants like myself. The breezes blow by and rock them in their soft, warm blankets, while I sing to them of the loving sunshine, the beautiful earth, the grateful air, the blue sky and fleecy clouds, and the happiness of being alive and growing.

But the cold winds are coming. I have grown all I want to grow, my babies are well wrapped up against the storm, and I feel that I must leave this old stalk and let it get yellow and turn back to earth, air and water.

A MAN'S TEMPTATION.

BY HELEN COMBES.

BECKETT'S clerk to see you on important business, Mr. Travis."

The office boy's sharp voice aroused me from the day dream in which I was indulging.

"Show him in," I said lazily, wondering what possible business the bank could have with me, which required such urgent attention.

A glance at Jessup's face as he entered convinced me that something serious was the matter. He did not speak, but handed me a slip of pink paper.

"Pay to the order of Charles Haight the sum of \$1000—one thousand dollars.

PHILIP TRAVIS."

I looked at Jessup. He was watching me closely.

"Well?" I interrogated.

"It's a forgery, isn't it?" he asked.

I hesitated. Certainly, though it bore my signature I had never seen it before.

"Was it cashed," I asked, without answering Jessup's question.

"Yes sir," he answered. The cashier knew you occasionally had business transactions with Mr. Haight and he cashed it without any question."

"Then what makes you think it a forgery?" I queried.

"Well, if you look very closely you will see that though the signature closely resembles yours, there's a little peculiarity about the last letter. Hull didn't notice it at the time, but when he was making up his accounts he had another small cheque of yours on hand and as the two laid on the desk together he noticed the slightest difference. Then he found that the small s's in the signature and endorsement of this cheque were exactly alike. He began to be scared, because he recol-

lected that Mr. Haight had looked unusually pale and anxious while waiting for the money."

"What then?" I asked as Jessup ceased.

"Then he went to Mr. Beckett and they decided that I should be sent to you with it. Is it your signature, Mr. Travis."

"No," I answered slowly.

Jessup fairly jumped from his seat.

"I must go at once," he said. "The fellow must be arrested before he has time to get away."

"Wait a moment! You told me, I think, that no one but yourself, the president and Hull knows of the forgery.

"That's all," he said impatiently.

"Then you must go back to the bank and ask President Beckett to take no action in the matter for twenty-four hours."

"Impossible!" Jessup interrupted angrily. "In twenty-four hours he'll be out of our reach with one thousand of the bank's dollars in his pocket.

"The bank shall not suffer," I answered, "and seeing that my signature was forged, and that I am willing to stand by the loss, I am sure your people will be willing to oblige me."

"I doubt it," grumbled Jessup. "If we begin to treat criminals that way, we shall soon have to go out of business, but, as you are willing to be the loser, I'll go back and ask."

"Let me know by telephone," I said as he went out.

In his excitement he left the pink cheque on the table and I did not call his attention to it, but let him depart, wondering, doubtlessly, at my laxity in wanting to permit a criminal to escape from justice.

When he had gone, I took up the cheque and examined it closely. I had little doubt but that Charley

Haight was at that moment preparing to leave town with my thousand dollars in his pocket and I was calmly allowing him to go unmolested.

To the officials at the bank I knew my conduct would appear inexplicable. *They* did not know that I had offered all I had in the world, myself included, to Charley Haight's sister. To be sure, she had refused it gently, but in such a manner that I knew there was no appeal from her decision; but the knowledge, instead of quenching my love, only fanned it into a fiercer flame.

I was rich! I had everything that heart could desire, but I knew that without Madeleine Haight to share them with me, my possessions availed me nothing. I sat with the cheque in my hand thinking deeply. I knew that Madeleine's mother was a feeble, frail old lady, whose span of life was almost ended and whose heart was bound up in her only son. I knew that Madeleine, too, dearly loved the ne'er-do-well, the evidence of whose criminality I held in my fingers. To strike at him meant to bring bitter anguish on two innocent women. To shield him meant the loss of so much hard cash, and no end of trouble in explaining my motives to the bank officials. The tinkle of the telephone bell sounded before I had arrived at any conclusion as to what course I should pursue. I answered it myself, and could tell by the impatience of his tone that Jessup was dissatisfied at the turn events were taking.

"To oblige you, and in consideration of your promising that they shall not be losers, the bank will hold off till they hear from you," he snapped, and I breathed a sigh of relief as I sat down again at my table.

I drew some paper toward me and wrote as follows:

MY DEAR MISS HAIGHT:

Will you come to my office at once on important business connected with those dear to you? I dare not come to you, as it is necessary the matter should be kept from your mother's ears. Hence this request.

Yours sincerely,

PHILIP TRAVIS.

The office boy was despatched with strict instructions to deliver the note to Miss Haight herself, and then locking the door I sat down to decide on a plan of action.

"Your money could not buy her, but your silence may," a voice kept whispering in my ear. "You can make her happy. Why shouldn't you make a bargain with her?"

I was having a hard time of it. My conscience revolted at the cold-blooded desire which had taken possession of me to induce Madeleine to marry me as the price of my silence. Passion and principle fought bitterly, and I was in the same chaotic state of uncertainty when the boy returned.

"I saw the lady," he told me, "an' here's what she gave me."

Just a few lines to say she would come to my office as soon as she could slip away, and almost before I had finished reading it the boy was announcing "Miss Haight."

"Deny me to all callers," I ordered as the door was closing behind the boy, and then I was alone with Madeleine.

For a moment I faltered. Then she raised her veil, and the sight of her beautiful face decided me. I would tell her the truth and then ask her to marry me as the price of her brother's freedom.

"Miss Haight," I began, "there's something to say which it will be very painful for you to hear."

"Has anything happened to Charlie?" she questioned.

"I will tell you presently," I answered; "but, first, is your brother away from home?"

"Didn't you hear that he was leaving town," she said. "He went away this morning."

"Indeed," I answered. "Can you tell me where he has gone?"

"To the West Indies to manage a sugar plantation. Mother and I hated to lose him, but he was so set on going that we gave in."

I took up the cheque and handed it to her.

"Perhaps that's one of the reasons

he was so anxious to go," I said quietly.

She looked at it wonderingly.

"It's a cheque, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, it is a cheque, and the signature is a forgery."

"Who forged it?"

"I don't know. It is, as you see, made payable to your brother. His endorsement is on the back and he has the money which the bank paid, believing the signature genuine."

Every drop of blood forsook her face, as she rose from her chair and faced me.

"Mr. Travis! Are you accusing my brother of the forgery?"

"Not I," I answered. "The loss of the money in an ordinary case would fall on the bank. It is they who have discovered the falsity of the cheque and who will take steps to make good their loss and punish the forger."

"My God! It will kill my mother."

I had taken her hand and seated her again in the chair from which she had risen in her excitement, and now I bent over her, looking straight into her eyes.

"I have a promise that no steps will be taken to arrest him during the next twenty-four hours. It rests with you to say whether he shall remain free after that."

"With me," she said faintly.

"Yes," I answered. "You can save him if you will."

"Tell me how," she breathed.

"Can't you guess?" I asked hoarsely.

"Do you mean that perhaps the bank will wait until we can pay back the money?"

"Scarcely," I answered dryly. "To do such a thing as that would be to encourage criminals to set the laws at defiance. I know it is a hard thing to say, but bank officials must forget they have hearts in dealing with an affair of this kind. They will certainly in this case take steps to punish the guilty one, unless they are immediately assured against loss. Even then I think it will be hard work persuading them to drop the matter for they have very

strict ideas about interfering with the course of justice."

"But we haven't the money," she faltered.

"I have," I broke in.

"Oh, Mr. Travis!" she said, clasping my hands excitedly. "Will you lend it?"

I took a firm hold of the clinging fingers as I spoke.

"No, I will not lend it, but I will give it, and everything else I possess if you will give me yourself in exchange."

She shrank back from my touch, shuddering.

"I cannot," she said vehemently.

"I am engaged to my cousin Everett Dare."

I was nonplussed. Here was a contingency of which I had not dreamed, being secure in the belief that if she did not care for me, she was equally indifferent to all others. The idea of young Dare, who was cruising somewhere in the South Seas with his ship, as a possible rival, had never occurred to me, though I knew the cousins had been much together. But I was too far gone to draw back.

"It is, of course, a secret engagement, as I had not heard of it before," I said.

"Yes."

"Then you must break it."

The discovery that I *had* a rival had changed me from a suppliant to a commander, and had strengthened in me my desire to possess this glorious woman.

"I cannot; I cannot," she moaned, and the sight of her distress filled me with a loathing pity for myself and her.

"Very well! In that case I need not detain you longer," I said, my cool tones sadly at variance with my heated blood.

I rose and went towards the door, but before I reached it her voice arrested me.

"Come back," she said, "I must keep this from my mother. Is there no other way?"

"Not unless you can pay the thousand dollars by to-morrow morning."

"Then I accept your offer. I will break my engagement and marry you, but—" and here her voice rose and her eyes flashed, "if you live to repent your bargain, it will be your fault and not mine."

"I am willing to take the chances," I answered. "To-morrow I shall inform the bank of our engagement, and then they will understand why I am anxious to let the matter of the forgery drop. Also, I shall come to see your mother. Your best course in regard to Dare will be to leave things to explain themselves. It is unlikely he will return before our marriage."

She bowed.

"And the cheque?" she asked.

"Shall be one of your wedding presents."

Then with a burst of better feeling, "Think as well as you can of me, Madeleine. It is my love for you which drives me to make such a bargain."

I could not help seeing that she shrank from the touch of my hand, which I had laid appealingly on hers, and seeing this, I refrained from the caress which I longed for and which was mine by right of purchase.

"One thing more before you go," I said, as she made a movement to rise. "Our marriage had better take place as soon as possible. Can you be ready in three months?"

She bowed.

"Then we will decide on a date early in June. This will give us time to spend four or five months abroad and be home again before Christmas. Will that please you?"

She faced round on me smiling bitterly.

"When a man buys a horse or a dog he does not let it interfere with his convenience, usually. You will make your own arrangements, and the woman you have purchased will, of course, fall in with them."

"You must not look at it in that light," I began, but she interrupted me curtly.

"It is the only light in which I can look at it; you have bought me for

\$1,000. All I ask is that you will spare me any unnecessary details as to how, when and where the purchase is to be consummated. I shall fall in with your plans when you have made them, and now if there is nothing further may I go?"

I opened the door and she swept out, leaving me victorious, but far from jubilant. I knew she despised me for the part I was playing, and for a moment, felt like calling her back and offering to help her without the sacrifice which she was so unwilling to make. But the impulse passed and I put on my hat and coat and went out to cool my brain in the open air.

I went over to Beckett's as soon as the bank opened next day, and found the president in. He listened wonderingly to my explanation.

"You see, I couldn't have Haight prosecuted, because I am going to marry his sister," was my plea, as I writhed under the president's keen glance.

"Strange I had not heard of the engagement," he said. "Perhaps Haight presumed on it and made sure you wouldn't allow us to prosecute your future wife's brother."

I made haste to assure him that the engagement had not been publicly announced, and that even Charley had not yet been made aware of it. He accepted my rather lame explanations without much comment, but I could see that he was making a shrewd mental guess at the true state of affairs.

Time, which usually creeps by on leaden feet for me, went galloping on speedily after our engagement was announced.

We had gone out together, and Madeleine, though icily cold when we were alone, had made some show of cordiality in company. The usual comments had been made on the match, but of all the speculations as to how it had been brought about, not one hit near the mark.

Our wedding day was fixed for the 4th of June, and I was very busy setting my affairs in order for my long absence from home. I had decided

to abandon some of my business interests in the West, and negotiations were being made for their disposal. On the 20th of May came an urgent summons from my agents in Chicago.

"We have a splendid offer for your business; can't you come on, if only for a few hours, to make arrangements," they wrote, and though I was very reluctant to leave New York, I decided to go.

I called on Mrs. Haight and Madeleine, and told them of my intended journey. I fancied that my fiancée was a shade more cordial than usual and when Mrs. Haight slipped away on some pretext, I went and sat by her and took her hand in mine.

"We have been engaged three months, and you have never given me a kiss yet, Madeleine," I said.

"You have never asked for one," she said coldly.

"Will you give me one now," I questioned, and for answer she turned a lovely peach-like cheek toward me. That was not the bend of a caress I had wanted, but I took it, and was thankful for even such small mercies.

"I am sorry I have to go away," I said, when I was bidding her good-bye. "If I believed in presentiments I should say that this visit was going to bring me some evil."

But nothing happened to prevent my departure, and three days later, I had finished my business, and was ready to return to New York. I had intended to take the night train, and having missed it by about three minutes, had returned to my hotel in an unenviable frame of mind. It had been one of those insufferably hot days which we sometimes get in May, and even with the windows of my room open the place was unpleasantly stuffy, so I took a chair out on the little iron balcony and sat down to smoke.

The window of the room next to mine was open and I could hear voices inside. I listened dreamily, till presently a name I knew was uttered. Then I woke up and listened in earnest.

"Yes," a man's voice was saying, "that was the easiest job I ever did." One of the young chap's friends met me on the street and mistook me for him. Then I got to wondering if I couldn't turn the likeness to some use, and took pains to find out all about him."

"What did you find." It was a woman's voice, sharp and shrill which asked the question.

"I found out that he had been going the pace, and was pretty deeply in debt. Then I found he had a rich friend, who was in love with his pretty sister. Then just in the nick of time I heard he was going to the West Indies. I had to keep pretty dark because I didn't want the New York police after me, but I managed to get a copy of his signature and his friend's, too. Then I copied till I could imitate them perfectly, and when I presented the cheque at the bank, they took me for him and cashed it without a word. He was on board ship when I was at the bank, but the cashier didn't know that."

"You are a clever bird, Jim," the woman's voice said admiringly. "Did you ever hear any more about it?"

"Not a word. I guess the friend squared the bank and hushed them up. Anyway I was in a thousand dollars for very little trouble."

"Pity you didn't keep it while you had it. The lord knows you need it bad enough now," grumbled the woman. "What did you say the chap's name was?"

"Charley Haight. If he ever comes back I wonder how he'll like the reception he'll get. Hard work he'd have proving he didn't sign that cheque."

The voices still murmured on, but I did not heed them. The storm, which had been threatening all day, broke in its fury, the rain beat on my uncovered head and the lightning played on the iron rail of the balcony, but I sat still, wishing it would strike me dead and put me out of my misery.

The storm that was raging in the heavens was not more tempestuous than that which raged in my heart.

To be so near the fulfilment of my hopes and then to have them wrecked was maddening, and I knew that to tell Madeleine the truth was to lose her. I had stooped so low in making the bargain with her, that it seemed only a shade more dishonorable to hide the truth from her and let her still believe her brother a criminal, at least till after we were married. The man in the next room wasn't likely to tell about his share of the transaction and for some unaccountable reason nothing had been heard from Charlie since he sailed.

I had attributed his silence to guilt and had been glad that he had not written, and now I was frenzied at the idea that Madeleine might have had a letter from him during my absence.

The deafening rattle of the thunder, and the swift flashes of light between them suddenly ceased; the rain which had been coming down in sheets, changed to a gentle sprinkle, and I aroused to a sense of my condition. I was wet through and decidedly uncomfortable, but the battle which had raged in my heart was ended and nothing remained but a dull aching despair.

The desire to conceal my discovery had gone from me. I knew that Madeleine's happiness was more to me than my own. Here was a chance to prove the sincerity of my love, by relinquishing her from the galling bargain she had made. It had been a sharp struggle but right had conquered and I was at peace once more.

It is useless to describe how I managed to secure a full confession from the forger whose likeness to Charley was really remarkable. I paid pretty dearly for the document which was to wreck my happiness and give Madeleine back to her lover.

At Buffalo a new shock awaited me, for among the travelers who boarded the train was Everett Dare.

He came straight to me.

"How's everybody in New York?" he inquired.

"All well," I managed to answer, "but I am surprised to see you here."

"Got off on sick leave after a bad attack of 'yellow jack,'" he explained. "Only got to Buffalo yesterday and stopped over to deliver some trifles one of the boys got me to bring to his folks."

This new complication puzzled me. Madge ought to know of the turn events had taken before seeing Dare, and without a doubt, he would go straight to her home, from the depot. Soon my resolve was taken.

"Will you see your cousin, Miss Haight, soon," I asked.

"As soon as I can and horses can take me," he answered.

"Then perhaps you will save me a journey and deliver this package into her hands," I said handing him the sealed envelope containing the forger's confession. "And please tell Miss Haight that I am sailing for Europe immediately. The contents of the package will explain themselves."

He took the envelope, promising to deliver it as soon as he arrived, and so ended our brief engagement.

Eighteen months later I returned to New York and almost the first person I met was Charley Haight.

"Hallo Travis," he said. "When did you come back? Look in and see us, mother and Maddie were speaking of you yesterday."

He was hurrying away, but I caught his arm and asked:

"Is your sister living with you?"

"Why, of course," he answered, "where did you suppose she lived?"

I muttered something about hearing that she had married her cousin.

"Cousin Everett! Why, he married that little Worth girl I used to be so sweet on. Cut me out as clean as a whistle while I was in the West Indies. Good-bye, old man. Don't forget to call."

I spent the next twenty-four hours in an effort to persuade myself to do no such a thing, but at the end of that time I found myself at Mrs. Haight's door.

"Mr. Haight is out. Mrs. Haight is not well and has not been down

stairs to-day. Miss Haight is at home," the neat maid servant told me.

A few minutes later I was exchanging common-place greetings with Madeleine, my greedy eyes drinking in her increased beauty and my heart beating almost to suffocation at the sight of her lovely face.

It was hard work to keep up an ordinary conversation, and in a few minutes we had relapsed into silence, which neither seemed inclined to break.

Finally I made a desperate plunge.

"You didn't marry your cousin after all," I said brusquely.

"No."

The quiet monosyllable left me as wise as ever.

"May I ask why?" I questioned.

A suspicion of a smile deepened about the mobile mouth.

"I didn't want to be arrested for breach of promise," she said. "I was engaged to a man who started off without giving me a chance to break my engagement or return his ring. Of course under the circumstances I didn't care to render myself liable to a suit for damages."

"Don't joke," I implored.

"I am not joking."

The smile had faded now, and it was a very grave face which looked into mine.

"Do you want to take back your ring now?" she asked, drawing a thin gold chain from beneath her dress.

From the little bag which was attached to it, she drew out the ring I had given her.

"Your sign of bondage," I said bitterly, as she held it in her fingers for me to take.

"Yes," she said, dropping it in my outstretched palm. "The bargain is ended."

Something in her tone made me glance at her quickly. There were tears in her eyes, her lips were quivering and, forgetting all except that I loved her, I knelt down at her feet and put my arms around her.

"Oh, darling!" I whispered, "if only you could have loved me."

She bent her head until her lips almost touched my hair.

"Perhaps I might if you had asked me," she said.

I looked up. In her clear eyes I read a story I had never dared to look for there.

"You stupid boy," she said, her voice faltering a little. "Couldn't you see that I was learning to care for you all the time?"

I took her hands in mine and kissed them. Then, emboldened by her silence, I drew her face gently down and laid my first lover's kiss on her lips.

Just at that moment, with a rush and a bang, Charley burst into the room.

"Why, what's up?" he asked, as we started guiltily apart.

"Nothing," I answered.



DADDY'S CREEK AND MAMMY'S CREEK.

A LEGEND OF CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN.

BY ALICE EAVE.

YOU have odd names for your creeks in these mountains," said I with a smile as memory called up two limpid mountain streams I had crossed that day one called Daddy's Creek, the other Mammy's Creek.

I was traveling to Cumberland Plateau in search of health. All day long I had plodded wearily up muddy mountain roads in the rain, with a jolly singing teamster for companion and guide. It began raining when we were three hours travel from Rockwood, the railroad town at the foot of the mountain; as the road behind us was very bad, we decided it was best to push on.

The creaking old wagon and small mountain team, had made better time than I thought possible that morning. We were over the worst of the road from Rockland to the crown of old Cumberland Mountain, and stopping for the night with a widow named Holland. She had won considerable local fame by building a large log house and taking in the few travelers who happened to pass that way. When I had complained of cold or fatigue during the long day's drive, and desired to stop at each little cabin we passed my teamster had opposed me with, "We ken reach Widder Holland's by night fall, wheah we ken be taken caeh of with some comfort."

I had pictured "Widder Holland's" as a large old fashioned southern mansion full of cheer and hospitality, such as I so often saw described in current literature.

The vision of a steaming hot supper and a glorious warm room, cheered me all day. I found "Widder Holland's" to be a low, rambling log house of about five rooms; not a very roomy wayside inn it would seem, but the

rooms made up in size for what they lacked in number.

In the big fire-place in the room in which we sat, in which a common-sized cow could have been easily stabled, was a roaring, brilliant fire. Sitting before it I was but little more comfortable than I would have been before such a fire outdoors. The wind whistled up from between each board in the floor like so many little fiendish saws nipping at my legs. The doors and windows fitted so loosely that they kept up a continual nerve-racking noise, and sent a small cyclone playing across my back. The plastering between the logs was out in many places, and from these wide gaps a full broad side of wind swept over my head.

My supper had indeed been hot, but the black coffee, soda biscuits, sorghum molasses, and fried bacon was scarcely tempting to the appetite of a tired invalid. I had made the best of it, however, until a deluge of rain, penetrating the kitchen roof, sent a stream of water in my coffee cup, one into my plate and another down my back.

In one anticipation I had been disappointed—the hospitality of my hostess. She had shown a motherly anxiety about my health that was touching, and lamented that her son had failed to kill a deer he had been chasing that morning. When I made the remark with which this story opens, supper had been cleared away, and we were in the guest chamber, or "big room," as Mrs. Holland called it. Several of her grandchildren of various ages were clustered around, whom I dimly remember as thin-faced and big-eyed.

Two beds, one of which I was to occupy, were away back in the dim dis-

tance, in the end of the room. Mrs. Holland was knocking the ashes out of her pipe, preparatory to laying it up on the high shelf, over the fireplace. She was a tall, thin, elderly woman with brown hair streaked with gray, drawn tightly back from her face her large brown eyes, and the general impression of her thin face, gave out an expression of half innocent, half shrewd kindness. She was a woman of more than average intelligence.

She had been a constant reader of the three books,—the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and an old time Fifth Reader, which lay upon a little crippled table in the corner. Her voice was singularly musical, and she spoke in that dialect in which an 'r' and a 'g' is seldom sounded in their proper places, but often tacked on where they do not belong.

She laid her pipe up, sat down, unrolling a blue stocking with the knitting needles gleaming in it, and began knitting before she replied:

"So you think ouah creeks have odd names, do you?"

"Yes. My drivers told me to-day, one creek we crossed was named Daddy's Creek, and another Mammy's Creek. I thought them very odd names, if those are their real names."

"Them is theah real names," said Mrs. Holland, sticking a knitting needle in with a click.

"How did they come to get such names?" I inquired.

"The stoah goes," replied Mrs. Holland, "that a wandehin mountaing family who often crossed these mountings, camped at Daddy's Creek one night long ago. The ole man an' ole woman had a fight, an' the ole man whopped the old woman; a mischievous son of therahs who was along called that creek Daddy's Creek, becuse the ole man got the best of the ole woman theah. They went on futeh, camped by anotheh creek, had anotheh fight, an' the ole woman whopped the ole man; the son called that creek Mammy's Creek, in honah of heh victoah, an' they've gone by them names evah since. Theah is a post-office down by

Mammy's Creek, called Mammy's Post-office. You see Uncle Sam has showed his appreciation of a woman's valah." A smile shone in Mrs. Holland's fine eyes.

"Do you really mean to tell me this story is true?" I asked incredulously.

"I wouldn't sweah the stoah was exactly true, yet theah must be some truth in it, fuh the creeks have nevah had any otheh name," replied Mrs. Holland.

"How long since this daddy and mammy passed this way, naming your pretty streams with their family fight?" I asked.

"I don't know how long. My father tole the stoah to his childering. I reckon he got it from his fatheh, an' so on back fuh I don't know how many yeahs."

Mrs. Holland gazed reflectively into the fire, the blue stocking tremblingly growing under her nervous fingers; in a musing tone she said:

"Theah is quite a stoah about this wandehin family, though few people evah git futeh than these fights."

With an inward groan, for I was cold and tired and sleepy, and did not feel able to hear the story, I weakly remarked:

"Is that so?" In following that musical voice into the story, and fascinatedly watching the bright knitting needles go in and out of the blue stocking, I forgot I was cold, or tired, or sleepy. I was unconscious of the fact, when the December rains turn to snow, and the wind which made a target of me grew colder. Did this mountain woman who lived "Near nature's heart" hypnotize me, with her musical voice, and her bright knitting needles? She began her story, which she seemed to knit into her stocking word by word.

"Some famihes jist wandeh all the time over these mountings, nobody knows why, I reckon most on 'em don't know 'emselves. This daddy an' mammy belonged to the wandehes.

"Fatheh said he'd been tole once that they killed a man, and in chasin' round to keep the officehs from ketchen 'em

they got into the habit of wandhein'. They passed heah eveh fall.

"They seemed to travel round, an' around, in a cehtain circle.

"They had two childering, which was bawn on the road. The little gual was bawn on this place, when the boy was about twelve yeahs ole. She was bawn unde a shelvin' rock what we'uns call rock-house; to this day it is called the Buth-Rock House. The motheh named heh Rocksie becase she was bawn unde a rock. The women of the neighborhood, who provided little Rocksie with clothin' did not think she would live many days. But, afteh two weeks the family moved on, an' they took little Rocksie still livin' with 'em. The baby seemed to have opened the boy's hawt. He had really nevah loved anyone in all his life. His fatheh an' motheh had given him little cause fuh lovin' 'em an' he did not love 'em; but he loved his little sisteh. No motheh could have been moah tendeh in heh touch than Bush, the wandehin' boy. The last seed of 'em that yeah, was the boy on the ole crowbate of a hoss, with the baby in his awms.

"That's the last of little Rocksie fuh us,' the women said when she seed 'em go by. 'She'll not live until they come agin;' but she did live.

"The nex fall she was in the boy's awms on the ole hoss when they come up the mounting; a little lageh an' noticin' evehtin' with heh big wishin' eyes. Well, yeah afteh yeah they come by, the boy allers totin' his little sisteh, or leadin' her by the hand until Rocksie was six yeahs ole. They sometimes come up with the ole hoss an' wagon, fuh by and by they got a wagon, dressed up in wild flowehs. The boy had a way of fixin' flowehs on the little gual that made heh look like an angel.

"She was a putty, but curious lookin' chile; heh haih was neahly white, heh skin whiteh still, heh eyes an' eye-brows dawh, some said black. Neitheh she nor heh brotheh looked liked daddy or mammy. Bush—nobody knowed it if he had any otheh name, they said he

was bawn under a bush—had black eyes an' haih an' a sort of pale fine lookin' face. He had a sconful, bittch way about him, few people liked. Rocksie was said to be like a tiger in heh movements, an almost as wile when strangehs come nigh. The boy was pleased when people noticed the little gual's beauty; but if any one scolded heah, he hated 'em with a teh-ible hate. Some boys scahed heh one day; that night theiah fatheh's bawn was bunt, it was ginilly thought Bush did it.

"One yeah the family come up the mounting, the ole man and ole wuman quahelin, which wasn't oncommon. When they reached Daddy's Creek they stopped to camp; some of the boys of the neightboohod weah out huntin' and stopped to watch 'em. Soon afteh they crossed the creek they got to fightin'. Bush and Rocksie, comin' up stood a little way off an' watched 'em, Bush callin' out in his bittch contemptuous way.

"Go it, my dad! Hurrah, my mam!' while the little gual clung to him with a face white as death. The fight somehow decided the ole folks to go futheh. When they went on still qualin', the boy an' gual waded across the creek, in the middle of it, he waved his hand to the boys on the bank and cried:

"Daddy's Creek! boys, Daddy's Creek, becase Daddy whopped Mammy heah.' The next day the curocity of the boys led 'em to the camp of these people. When they got in sight they saw the ole man an' ole woman fightin' agin; Bush an' Rocksie weah standin' to one side lookin' on. When the ole woman had whopped the ole man, they went on, an' Bush kitchin' sight of the boys, cried out:

"Mammy's Creek, boys, you seed Mammy whop daddy heah!' They went on an' the creeks weah named fuh evah-moah.

"A yeah or two aftah this, a gentleman an' his wife from the valley, come on top the mounting to camp fuh the wife's health; she had consump-tion. They made theiah camp neah

Mammy's Creek, an' they was moah comfortable than any of the mounting people evah thought of bein'. Theiah log huts was fixed fine. They had slaves to wait upon 'em, an' fine clothes an' fine eaten. They had not been in camp many days befoah the wandehin' family come along an' in the dawk went into camp near 'em. Each pawty was eaqually surprised to find the otheh theah next mawnin'. The gentleman caught sight of Rocksie at the spring wheah both pawties got watch. Rocksie flitted away like a scahed fawn.

"What a faihy?" exclaimed the gentlemen. "My boy," he said to Bush, "ken you tell me who that beautiful chile is?"

"She is my sisteh," replied Bush. "Wheah do you live?" asked the gentlemen. Bush laughed an' panted at the ole man an' woman busy oveh theah camp-fiah.

"We live theah to-day; ter mor it may be miles away," with that he turned his back on the gentlemen an' walked away. Fuh days the gentlemen an' his wife tried to git nigh Rocksie agin, but she flit from bush to rock like a hunted thing.

"One day in wanderin' about huntin' flowehs, one of the maids saw Bush an' Rocksie at Hoss-shoe Falls. Without letin' on anythin', she went an' fetched heh mistress. When they reached the spot wheah the lady could best see 'em, the maid parted the bushes an' she looked through.

"How beautiful, how beautiful," she exclaimed under her breath, an' it must have been beautiful.

"Theah was the Falls seemin' to tumble outen the yellor and red woods of Octobeh. Standin' in the creek wheah the watch fell, almost under it, with the spray risin' about heh, was Rocksie. She was holden a plume of golden rod up in the falling watch. Heh white haih hung in culs down her back an' the sunlight shone upon it. Neah by set Bush makin' a crown of yellor leaves fuh Rocksie. He looked up at the lady's cry, an' theah must have been somethin' in her look to im-

press the scene on his mind, fuh he nevah-forgot it; it was strange he did not, he was used to his sisteh's beauty an' watch falls, an' wood lands, had been his playthins'.

"When Rocksie saw the lady she made a dive fuh the bushes, but with a quick movement the lady caught heh in heh arms an' kissed heh. Rocksie struggled at fust, but soon she laid heh head on the lady's shouldeh as though she liked it.

"That was well done, my love," shouted the lady's husband from the bushes.

"Oh, did you see that scene?" asked the lady.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, "an' if I live a hundred yehs I'll nevah fuhgit it."

"That night the gentleman an' his wife would have took the childering to theiah camp, but the ole daddy an' mammy weah fightin' mad agin, an' wouldn't let 'em go. In the night a child's cry made the gentleman go ovah to the camp of the wandhein' family; he found Rocksie had been hut, an' Bush like a little demon, was fightin' his daddy an' mammy. They had hut Rocksie some way in fightin' ovah heh. The gentleman took heh to his wife, an' sent Bush fuh the docteh. Neah midnight Rocksie died, an' in the dawk the ole daddy an' mammy slipped away, an' was nevah see, heah any moah. They wasn't really ole you know, they was so mean folks jist called 'em ole. About daybreak the lady had a hemmorrhage, brought on by the excitement they said, and was a corpse in a short time.

"Bush with the docteh by his side come gallopin' up, about sun up; when he saw his sisteh he mourned like a shot deah.

"They buhied Rocksie in the woods. Bush stood by with an awful look on his face. When the last shovelful of dut rounded up the little grave, he stooped down an' gathehed up a handful of it, an' put it in his pocket. He then jumped on the ole hoss an' rode away, that was the last evah seed of him heah.

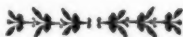
"The gentlemen took his wife to heh valley home and buhied heh. News come to the mounting afteh-wads, that he'd took to wandehin' oveh the wuld.

"Yeahs an' yeahs afteh he stawted to wandehin', he saw a pictuh in some foreign city of 'Rocksie at the Falls.' He hunted up the awtist, an' as he expected found Bush, a fine, good man. They went togetheh afteh that fuh-evehmoah. I reckon they died moa'n a hundred yeahs ago. You see nothin' but the bad of this wandehin' mounting family, is evah brought to the

minds of most people. It's like I read theah in my ole readeh, said in regahed to Cesah:

'The evil that men do live afteh 'em.
The good is often intehed with their bones.'

The musical voice ceased and its owner put me to bed. I dreamed all night of queer, wild people, fairy-like children, soft, seductive voices and blue stockings into which were knit stories, all sorts and conditions of stories.



THE CYCLES OF LOVE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

HES a very nice young man, father. I don't see what you can have against him."

Pretty Dora Snyder did not look altogether submissive, as she stood at the gate, one hand resting upon the silver-mounted wheel on which she had been taking a morning ride, and one dainty foot perversely kicking the little pebbles which strewed the path.

In fact she wore a rebellious face, and the good deacon knew it, too.

"'Goin' to have trouble with this girl!" was his thought, while he answered, keeping his temper as well as he could.

"Got enough against him! I didn't like his father afore him, that's enough for you."

"No, father, that isn't enough," was the decided reply. "Conrad may not be at all like his father. We wouldn't live with the judge after we were married, you know."

The deacon fired at that.

"Married? Who married? Who's talkin' anything about gettin' married? Not you and that Conrad Holmes, by a long sight. I told him I wouldn't listen to any such nonsense. I forbid him speaking to you on the subject."

"Your caution came too late, father. He had already spoken to me, I have given him my promise, too, and unless you can show me a better reason than I've heard yet, for hating him, I mean to keep my word."

She looked calmly up in his face as she spoke, and he saw the reflection of his own determined spirit in her eyes. But he would not give in.

"You do, do you?" he broke out angrily. "Now I'll tell you what, miss! If I catch Conrad Holmes about this place I'll send him off with a bullet in his body. That's what I'll do! I'll show him who is master here!"

"He does not dispute your being master, father. Neither will he come here until you give him permission," said Dora, quietly.

"He won't, eh? Then I reckon he'll wait for one spell, anyhow."

"We count on your consent some time, sir."

"You do? Well, I calculate you'll get it about the time two Sundays come together. Look here, girl!" with a sudden change of tactics, "why can't you be contented at home? Here I've gone and paid a hundred dollars for

that wheel-thing o' yours, an' let you go a-gallivatin' over the country, in spite o' all the old wimmin's gossip, jest so's you could have a good time and give that feller up."

"It is a beauty of a wheel, father. I am sure I thank you very much for it," said Dora, giving her machine a loving tap. "I don't care for the gossip, either. Lots of nice girls ride bicycles. But if you gave me the wheel to make me forget Conrad, you may take it away as soon as you like. Here, sir!"

She gave the machine a push toward him. The deacon pushed it back, saying:

"Don't be silly, child; I don't want to take the thing away from you. What's the use o' foolin' here? Will you make me one promise?"

"Certainly, father, if I can."

"Will you promise not to run off with that dandy, if I let you gallop around as usual?"

"Conrad is not a dandy, father. But I can safely promise not to run away with him, for he has never asked me to go."

"I wouldn't put it a-past him. Say you won't go if he does?"

"No, sir; we will wait for your consent. But mayn't he come here to see me now and then?"

"No, he sha'n't! I'll be— See there, now; you like to 'a made me say a bad word, and me a deacon in good standin', too. Go 'long in with you, and let's hear no more of this foolishness. I'm goin' to town, and if I see your young man, I'll put a flea in his ear that will keep him away from this farm. Go 'long with you."

The deacon went off down the yellow road, and Dora rolled her wheel inside the gate.

"Don't you believe it," she murmured, with a glance after her father's retreating form. "I don't think you will keep Conrad very far away from this farm while I stay on it."

A few minutes later, her mother, coming round the corner of the house, from the cool dairy where she had been up to her plump elbows in the

butter-making, found the girl setting on the wide back porch crying.

"Why, Dora! why, daughter, what is the matter?" she asked, laying a kind hand on the shining red-brown hair which glorified the pretty head. "What in the world are you crying about?"

"It's father," answered Dora. "He has been scolding me about Conrad again."

"He has? Well, dear, you know father has not liked the Holmeses since the judge decided that land case against him."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I knew there was some reason for his spite at them. But wasn't father in the wrong in that case?"

"Well, yes, I guess he was," said the matron, with a sigh. "Father's stubborn, you know, and won't give up, even when he knows he is in the wrong. It would ha' saved him a heap o' good money if he'd ha' let Eben Frame have the little bit o' ground without a fuss."

"I don't care for the money, mother, but I do care for Conrad, and he cares for me."

"Yes, I know, dear—I know," and the mother smoothed the bright hair again. "'Tis hard on young folks to be so put about. Mebbe father'll alter his mind one 'o these days."

"No, mother, he won't. He never will, and it isn't any use to wait for that."

"Oh, well, daughter, don't cry about it. I hate to see you cry so."

"I'm not going to cry another bit," said Dora, wiping her eyes and half laughing through her tears. "But, mother, I want to ask you one question."

"Ask it, child, freely."

"If—if Conrad and I should get married, you wouldn't be against us, would you?"

The good woman looked startled, and her busy hand trembled on the brown waves of hair, as she hastened to reply:

"Why, no, dear—no, I wouldn't. Conrad is a good young man, and I

believe would make you a good husband. But how can you marry, when father is so down on it? You—you wouldn't——"

"Run away, do you mean?" supplied Dora, as her mother hesitated, for fear of putting ideas into her young head. "No, I've just promised father that we wouldn't do that. I don't know how it is to be brought about; but I have given my dear lad my word, and somehow it is going to be kept! You may as well be airing those pretty quilts you made for me, mother, dear—for before three months more go over my head, I expect to be Conrad's wife."

"Why, my dear! my dear."

That was all the astonished matron could say, just then. She sat down on the step, and might have broken out crying herself, if she had not happened to remember that she came to the house to get more salt for the fresh churning, and so up she jumped again.

"Oh, my! I forgot all about that butter—and butter ain't good, if it ain't salted the minit it's made! Never mind, Dora, pet! It'll all come right, somehow!"

"I know it will, mother! So I'll just go help you with the butter, Is it for town?"

"Yes, and there's ten or 'leven pounds of it. Brinkman's man will be along after it, too, pretty soon. There! I see his wagon comin' this very minit! We'll have to fly 'round, I reckon!"

When Deacon Snyder returned from town that afternoon he seemed to be in a particularly good humor. And he said so many little provoking things that Dora was quite sure he had met Conrad; and what had been said then, she was in a fever to know.

"But if he thinks I'll ask him, he is mistaken!" she thought to herself. "I can wait till I see Conrad."

When that would be, she did not know just then. It was a mere chance which took her across the back porch, after supper, on her way from the cellar where she had been putting away the cream and the young chicken, which was all dressed ready to fry for

breakfast. But as she tripped over the old oaken boards, she heard a peculiar whistle, and her feet suddenly stopped.

Stepping to the edge of the porch she answered it in a little, low note which, had it been heard inside the house, would have been taken for the evening song of a bird in the old apple tree at the end of the house.

It was quickly responded to in the same clear tone she had caught at first, and her face glowed instantly.

"It is Conrad!" she whispered, softly. "I must go to him."

Hastening into the kitchen she slipped a light shawl over her shoulders and said, in a low tone to her mother, who was just hanging up the dish-towels:

"Mother, I'm going out for a little bit. If anybody asks, say I will be back in a moment, please!"

"Yes, yes!" answered the mother, who guessed at once—ah, these mothers, they always know, don't they, bless them!

In an instant Dora's light feet were brushing the dew from the meadow grass as she almost flew to the sheltered nook close to a huge old walnut tree down by the brook which ran through her father's farm.

"Oh, Conrad!" was her greeting, as her lover drew her close to him, "I have been so frightened! I feared you might be angry."

"Not at you, darling!" was the quick answer. "Nor at your father, though he did his best to make me so this afternoon."

"Oh! I was sure of it!" breathed Dora, clasping her hands tight together. "I am so sorry."

"You need not be, my dear. There is no harm done—rather some good, I hope. I did not forget that I expect to call him 'father' myself some day. But the spirit he is in made me think that we had best act promptly, lest harm might be done. He intends to send you away, Dora."

"He does? He has not told me so."

"So he said. But he means to send

you next week to your Aunt Rhoda to stay for some months."

"What? To Silesville, to Aunt Rhoda's? Oh, I won't go, Conrad! She is so strict and straight-laced, she don't believe in a smile, even. I am always miserable when I go there."

"He probably thinks she is the one to keep you away from me, my dear. But we must be too prompt for him. You must go with me very soon and become my wife. Will you?"

Dora's sweet face was full of trouble.

"Conrad," said she, "you know that I am not afraid to trust you. Mother is on our side, too. But father made me promise him, this very afternoon, that I would not run away with you. I don't know what to do."

"You promised that!" Conrad stood deep in thought for a moment. Then he added:

"I have an idea. You promised him not to 'run away' with me, did you?"

"Yes, I did."

"But perhaps you did not promise not to ride away and meet me somewhere else. See, Dora?"

She looked up into his face—she could see it plainly, by the light of the full moon—and a low laugh broke from her lips:

"I believe I do. Oh, Conrad, what a fellow you are!"

"I'm not a fellow who is worthy of a good girl like you, Dora. But if you take this step for me, I will be true and kind to you for the longest day I live, so help me Heaven! Amen!"

Nobody but the birds saw the fervent embrace into which she was drawn, as he spoke the reverent words; and only the birds heard the rest which was said. Of course they never told, even though one of them is so often accused of repeating gossip; so we must judge by what came afterwards.

Dora was very happy and busy at her household tasks for the next few days, and her father almost repented his determination to send her to the stern old aunt in Stilesville.

"But I'll let her go," he said to himself. "It's the best thing to do, just now. There'll be no foolin' with Rhoda—oh, no!"

So at last he told her; and was a trifle surprised that she took it so calmly.

"Very well, father," she said. "I can be ready in a day or two. But I must have a new dress, first. If you can give me the money, I'll go over to Barnsburg, this afternoon, and buy what I need."

"I reckon I can give ye the money, child. But I've got to see about cuttin' the south medder this artemoon, I can't take you to Barnsburg."

"You need not take me, father. I will ride over on my wheel. The bundle will not be large—I can just bring it back with me, you know."

"Ten miles—ain't that a sort o' long ride for you, child?" said the Deacon, doubtfully.

Dora laughed and answered:

"Why, no, father! I could go twenty miles and get back in time for supper. One can do so much better for the money in the Burg, you know."

The deacon was too well pleased that she had not opposed going to Aunt Rhoda's to raise much objection to any simple plan of her own. So, after an early dinner, he stood on the porch and watched her flit away on her wheel, and it never once occurred to him that Barnsburg was the county-seat, and that people had to go there for marriage licenses.

Neither did he see Mother Snyder, as she every now and then hid her face in her apron, while she worked away in the clean dairy, to wipe away a stray tear, and whisper to herself:

"Dear! dear! I do hope nothin'll happen! I hope Jason won't be so very mad when they get back."

But Mother Snyder got a nice supper ready; and often went out on the front porch to look down the road and see if anybody was coming.

At last she saw something; and then she called out to her husband:

"Jason, I see Dora comin'. There's

some one ridin' on a wheel with her, too."

The deacon came out to look, saying:

"I wonder who 'tis? Ain't nobody else got one o' the things 'round here, as I know of."

But presently the flying machines drew very near, and then he exclaimed:

"The good Lord! It's that Holmes chap, as sure as I live."

"Yes, it's him, father," said the mother, in tremulous tones. "But ye mustn't be mad with 'em. You must forgive 'em, Jason, jest as ye want the Lord to forgive you."

"Forgive 'em? What for?" demanded the deacon, turning upon her. But the young folks had come in time to catch his words, and they were off their wheels and on the porch in one moment and Conrad was leading Dora up to her father and mother, saying:

"Yes, Father Snyder, forgive us for taking the advantage of the opportunity, and making sure that we could not be parted. Dora is my wife, and I promise you sacredly to be a good husband to her."

"Your wife? 'Taint so! I don't believe it! Come here, girl, and tell me he's lying!" shouted the Deacon, with a very red face.

"No, father, he is telling the truth. We were married in Barnsburg this afternoon," said Dora, bravely. "You will forgive us and be friends, won't you, father?"

"No, I won't! How dared you? You promised me not to—"

"Not to 'run away with him,' father, dear, and I kept my promise.

I rode away without him, as you know. He met me at the Burg, and cousin John went with him to get the license and see that all was done fair. We were sorry to disobey you, father, but how would you have done if anybody had tried to keep you from marrying mother so many years ago?"

"You would have stood up for her like a man, Deacon," spoke up Conrad, holding out his hand. "Just as I have done for the girl I love. Be friends, won't you?"

"You went after her on one o' them there things?" asked the deacon, speaking like one in a maze.

"Yes, father, he did. We didn't run away, you see—we rode away, and we came right back to you," said Dora, taking her father by the arm, and laying her sweet, pleading face on his rough shoulder. "Please, father, be friends! We love you so much! We will always be good to you and to each other."

"You might as well, Jason. It's done now and can't be undone," put in Mother Snyder, smiling through the big tears which would come into her eyes.

What was the poor deacon to do? Beset on all sides he could not well hold out any longer.

He put his arm around his daughter, and took the hand which Conrad held out.

"I hate to do it, like thunder!" said he, "but you've got the best of me this time. I'll make friends, I reckon. But you musn't ever do it again."

"No, father, we won't 'do so any more,'" was Dora's happy answer.



DOCTOR JACK'S WAIF.

BY CHARLES W. HARWOOD.

IT was a stormy, blustering night. Snow had begun to fall at nine o'clock, and now the wind had risen and, whistling among the tall buildings, was swirling the snow hither and thither and drifting it into every corner. Doctor Jack Sanborn turned away from his window to his warm fire and hoped that no one would call him out that night.

He was sitting down again to his books when he heard the pitiful wail of a stray kitten outside, and as he opened his door to let it in he saw that there was some one crouched down in a little heap behind the outer door. He went to investigate.

"Who are you?" he asked gently, for it seemed to be a young girl.

"I'm Allie Meade, sir," lifting a childish face to his as she rose. "I'm a stranger here." Oh, please, sir," she begged piteously, "let me stay here. Don't send me out into the cold again!"

"Why, child! you'll freeze here? Come into my office." And leading the shivering girl by the arm he placed her in the warmest corner by the stove.

He stirred the fire and opened the drafts; then he prepared a cup of hot coffee. This she drank eagerly, and it seemed to do her good. She gave a little sigh of content and said softly, "Oh, how kind you are to me!"

The child looked worn and faint, and Jack bethought himself that she might be hungry. Now Jack sometimes prepared his own meals, and he always kept plenty of eatables in his cupboard; so he said:

"Now, little girl, we must have a lunch. I am hungry and you ought to be."

Setting some water on the stove to heat, he hunted among his samples until he found a little bottle of meat

extract with which he made a strong broth. Then laying a napkin on the table, he placed thereon a plate of fancy biscuit, with a dish of honey and some cakes and oranges.

"Why, what a splendid supper!" said Allie, and I am hungry; I haven't eaten anything since morning."

The hot soup was just what the famished girl needed, and she ate heartily.

While his unexpected guest was eating Jack observed her closely. She was a girl of perhaps fourteen or fifteen years, possessing a fair, clear complexion in harmony with her light hair. The chief attraction of her face, however, was in her innocent, honest, blue eyes. "There is no guile in them," thought Jack. Her clothes were worn but neat, and showed signs of careful mending. She seemed well trained and had evidently lived in seclusion, for she was shy in manner; but she bloomed out under Jack's kindly treatment, accepting his good offices gratefully and with a frank trustfulness.

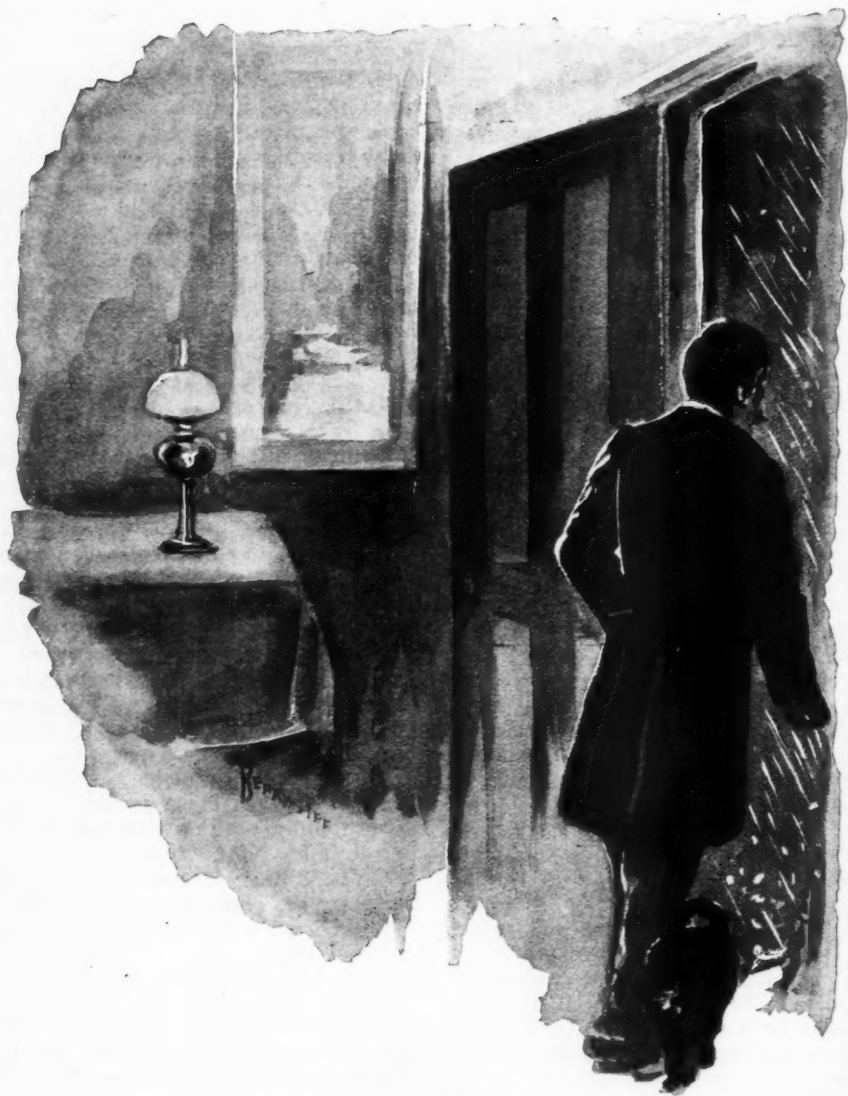
"I suppose you wonder how I came to be wandering about to-night?" she asked timidly, petting the kitten which purred in her lap.

"Yes, Allie; you may tell me about it if you like," Jack responded, kindly.

"We lived way out West—mamma and I," began Allie. "There were only us two, and when she died"—here the little girl's lip quivered—"after that there was nothing to stay for. She wished me to come East to her brother who lived in Cascade City, but when I arrived there I found that he had been dead for over a year, and his wife was keeping a boarding-house for the mill-hands. She wasn't glad to see me, and the next morning she told me that if I wanted to stay any longer I would have to get work in the mill."

I couldn't stay with her, and I thought I would go back to Ohio; but I had very little money left and could only pay my fare here. The rest of it

was so afraid and lonely, and cold! I don't know where I went, or how long I walked, but it seemed as if I should have to lie down and die!"



"HE SAW SOME ONE CROUCHED DOWN."

seems terrible! I stayed in the railroad station until every one seemed to be looking at me, and then I went out and wandered through the streets. I

She shuddered at the remembrance, and Jack spoke up quickly: "You mustn't think of it any more, Allie. You are warm and comfortable here.

And you have found one friend, at least," he said, smiling at her. "Would you not like to stay here?"

"Oh, yes, if I can find work," she said, with animation. "I can sew and do housework, I know. See! I am large for my age," and she sprang up eagerly.

Jack gave her a few words of assurance, although he was sadly perplexed by the situation; and Allie smiled contentedly with perfect faith in her new friend. There was silence for a few moments, Allie leaning back in the easy-chair, her eyes closed. She opened them after a few minutes, and laughingly excused herself.

"You ought to be sleepy by this time, little girl," he said, opening the bed-lounge and bringing in the coverings. "I think I can make you a comfortable couch here. Then I will go out and sleep with a friend near by."

"It is too bad that you should have to go out in the storm," objected Allie.

Jack laughed merrily. "Why, I'm used to it," he declared. "You will not be lonely here, will you?"

"Oh, no! I shall have kitty for company," and she looked up fearlessly.

The storm had increased, and as Jack plunged through the drifts to his friend's office he felt a keener pity for the homeless than he had ever known before.

It was late the next morning when he awoke, and he hurried back to his guest at once. When he reached his own door he rapped and called to Allie, but received no answer. Then he unlocked the door and went in.

With the kitten curled up at her feet, she was still sleeping soundly. One round arm lay out on the bed-clothes, the other hand was under her fair cheek.

He stood looking at the unconscious child a moment and then, moving around quietly, he started up his fire, and putting water on to heat, he came back and wakened Allie.

She stirred and look up sleepily. "Why, where am I?" she asked; then she recognized Jack, and, smilingly trustfully at his pleasant face,

she blushed faintly, not knowing why she blushed, but drawing the clothes closer around her neck.

"Why, I have overslept!" she said in dismay. "How lazy I am!"

"Not a bit of it, Allie! I wanted you to have a good rest. Now I am going out to get some things for breakfast. Can you dress in a quarter of an hour?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" she laughed.

When he returned it was a very neat and cheerful little maid who greeted him. She had put the room in order, and while Jack was broiling steak over the coals, Allie drew up the little table and arranged the dishes.

Breakfast over, she insisted on clearing away, and Jack let her do it. But she seemed to miss something in her work.

"Why, how funny!" she exclaimed. "You wash dishes, but you haven't any dishpan!"

And Jack was rather abashed at the criticism. Later on he went out, uncertain what to do for Allie. He saw many difficulties in the way of finding her a home, but at length he resolved to lay the matter before the president of the Young Women's Christian Association. Jack was somewhat acquainted with Mrs. Walden and knew her to be one of the wealthiest women in Sidon. He also knew her unfailing courtesy and kindness of heart, and he did not fear to consult her in his difficulty.

She greeted him pleasantly in her library and listened with sympathy while he told his story.

"You have done just right in coming to me, Dr. Sanborn," she said, in answer to his apologies. "I would like to see the little girl. It will be best to bring her here at once."

It did not take long to prepare Allie for her ride in the horse-car, but she hung back a moment as they passed out of the office, and looked up into the young man's face.

"Shall I see you again, Doctor Jack?" she asked, earnestly. "I want to thank you again for all you have

done for me. You have saved my life, you know!"

"Oh, yes, Allie, we shall meet often," Jack answered, cheerfully;

the lady; and Mrs. Walden, who was not an impulsive woman, must have seen something lovable there, for she bent and kissed her.



ON THE ROAD TO MRS. WALDENS.

and we shall always be very good friends."

Reaching the house at last, they entered, and Mrs Walden came forward to greet them. Clinging still to Jack's side, Allie raised her face timidly to

Tears stood in Allie's eyes, and, putting her arm around the child, Mrs. Walden drew her into another room.

"Please wait, Dr. Sanborn," she said. I will send Helen to you."

Mrs. Walden's daughter was a beauti-

ful girl whom Jack had always greatly admired, but his acquaintance with her was slight and, like many others of the Sidonian young men, he had considered her reserved and somewhat haughty. Yet to-day he wondered why he had ever thought so, for she showed a gracious kindness of manner which charmed him.

Mrs. Walden, returning held out her hand to Jack. "Dr. Sanborn, I wish to keep Allie with me for a time," she said. "She is very anxious to work, and I shall let her do some sewing. Afterwards we shall see."

II.

From the long drawing-room came floating across the hall the strains of a gay duet; and Allie Meade, sitting with Mrs. Walden in the little back parlor gave a half audible sigh as she bent her head over the dainty embroidery which busied her fingers. Mrs. Walden glanced up from her magazine and looked at her thoughtfully for a moment.

Presently the music ceased and the singers, chatting together, wandered back to join the others. Mrs. Walden smiled pleasantly and approvingly commented on their song.

"We humbly endeavor to please," said Helen Walden, with a sweeping courtesy. "Don't you think we might give a parlor concert, Dr. Sanborn?" turning to her companion.

"In behalf of the Flower Charity, for instance," suggested Mrs. Walden.

"It would demand too much from the audience," said Doctor Jack, shaking his head. "Besides the financial strain, they would have to exercise charity for the tenor."

"And the soprano," added Helen.

"Let us announce then that for a liberal contribution we will not sing."

"That would save the necessity of practising, certainly."

"And the consciences of the audience."

They had been very good friends, Helen and Doctor Jack, since that

winter night when Jack had befriended Allie; and on his part the feeling was stimulated by the belief—dangerous sentiment for a young man—that he understood Helen as few others did.

There was nothing lovelike between the two; but Jack knew that Helen always watched for his coming, and he felt that he was drifting on very pleasantly toward a life-long union with her.

Doctor Jack's intimacy with the Waldens had helped him in many ways. The people whom he met there were the best in Sidon. His practice increased and he secured a better class of patients, so that his income was more than doubled.

With a busier life he gave up some of his former experiments, and now boarded at a family hotel near his office. Allie deplored that change.

"Then you can't give any more midnight suppers to poor little friendless girls?" she once said to him regretfully.

"Oh, yes, Allie; I shall always keep enough on hand for a nice little lunch."

"You know some other hungry girl might come," Allie explained. But I hope she will not, Doctor Jack."

"No danger, Allie," was the laughing reply. "God doesn't send too such little maids to one man."

And Allie looked supremely content at this assurance.

At her first coming to this house Allie had won a warm place in Mrs. Walden's heart, and she had not been relegated to the position of a household servant. Mrs. Walden kept the little girl much with herself and employed her in light tasks and in personal service of herself and Helen.

She was seen but little outside except at the church which she attended with the family. People there generally supposed her to be a ward of Mrs. Walden, perhaps a distant relative, but with that supposition they had to be content, for would-be gossips never dared to quiz Mrs. Walden about her family affairs.

As time proved Allie's good qualities she grew more and more in favor.



ALLIE BIDS DOCTOR JACK FAREWELL.

A good teacher had been provided, and the little girl learned easily. She had instinctive sympathy with all that was beautiful, and took especial delight in fine needle-work, in flowers, and in the many choice paintings upon the walls of her new home.

Her bright, innocent cheerfulness and her implicit faith in her friends made Allie very charming to them all;

and she was never so happy and animated as when Doctor Jack was present. Yet, as time passed on, and Jack and Helen grew better acquainted Allie became loth to claim his attention. Probably he did not realize the change in her, but Mrs. Walden sometimes looked grave as she observed Allie's silence.

On this evening Jack gave her a

smile and a kind word, as he took his seat, and then he turned away to Helen. He had a brotherly affection for Allie, but Helen, in the bloom of her twenty years, completely outshone the younger girl. However, Mrs. Walden was speaking:

"I have made an important change in my plans of late, Dr. Sanborn. I intend to go to Europe in June with Helen and Allie, and we shall probably remain three years."

Helen had already crossed the ocean, but she was vivaciously happy to-night, and she inspired the others with her enthusiasm. Yet it was hardly pleasant news to Jack, for he knew that he should miss his friends sadly and that all would be changed when they returned.

That night the thought ran wild in his brain that the time had come to decide his relations with Helen, but in the morning a wiser plan prevailed. "Helen knows my position and prospects," he said to himself. "If she loves me, she will wait."

Oddly enough, his decision lifted a weight from his mind and he felt freer. He thought his manner toward Helen was unchanged, yet Allie grew strangely brighter at once. It was with surprise that he noticed her growing comprehension and quick sympathy with his ideas. He began to be proud of Allie and felt an increasing affection for her.

The days passed swiftly, and the time had come for the Waldens to leave Sidon. It was a bright afternoon in June, and Jack was making his last call. The travellers were to take the evening train for New York. Mrs. Walden and Helen were busily occupied, and their farewells had been said. Only Allie lingered with Doctor Jack, and together they strolled through the deserted rooms and came to the conservatory, looking out on the garden. Allie kept close to her friend, watching his face wistfully.

"The June roses are budding now, Doctor Jack," she said. "Shall I give you one?"

They went down the steps, and Allie

hovered over a rose bush, looking for the choicest buds.

"This one is nearly open, Doctor Jack. Perhaps, if you put it into water, it will blossom out," she said, looking up shyly, as she fastened it in his coat.

"I will, Allie, surely; and I will keep it until you give me another."

Allie had picked a bud for her own fair throat and, with one hand on a trellis, was swinging herself to and fro.

"That will be a long time," said she, with a sigh. "Do you know, my birthday will come to me on the ocean. I shall be sixteen years old, Doctor Jack!"

For a little while they wandered about the garden paths; then they returned to the house, and Jack took Allie's hand in parting. He saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and his heart felt very tender toward the little girl.

"Good-bye, dear," he said. "And come back to me your own true little self, Allie," laying a caressing hand upon her shoulder.

"I will, Doctor Jack," she said tremulously; then, suddenly turning, she pressed her cheek to his hand and was gone.

III.

The years passed in Sidon as years go when dear friends have left us, and we stay behind and work. Jack was kept busy, but he wrote to Helen and her mother every week or two, but more frequently to Allie. On her part, she threw herself resolutely into her studies, and grew both in stature and knowledge. Yet in her letters to Doctor Jack she was the same little girl whom he had known; and both Mrs. Walden and Helen helped her to keep up the illusion.

Now Doctor Jack was by no means stupid, and yet he had not the slightest conception of how wise and womanly the little Allie was becoming; and she often smiled as she read his brotherly letters, so simple and direct.

What the others knew of her affection for Jack they never alluded to;



THE JUNE ROSES ARE BLOOMING NOW: WILL YOU GIVE ME ONE?

though her name was a household word there was no trifling with the open secret of Allie's heart. And only once did she herself give utterance to her desire. It was toward the close of their stay, when she was growing restless for home, that she used to follow the settingsun with thoughtful eyes and long for dear, kindly Doctor Jack in far-away Sidon. One evening, alone in the twilight with Mrs. Walden, she turned around and, sinking down on the floor, hid her face in that lady's lap. "Oh, if I should be too late!" she moaned.

With a yearning pity Mrs. Walden clasped the girl to her heart, and there she sobbed herself into quiet.

"You need not fear, dear child," was the comforting reply. "Though he may not know why, yet his heart is waiting and all will come out right."

And meanwhile, what about Doctor Jack's heart, which, according to Mrs. Walden, was wiser than his head?

Steadily and surely, in the days that followed Helen's departure, the glamor of sentiment with which he had surrounded her, melted away; and once more she was only his very good friend.

Yet Helen and Allie had spoiled for him all other girls, and he began to contemplate himself as a confirmed bachelor. Allie was coming home soon; he had scarcely realized it, but she was almost nineteen. The Sidon young men would quickly find her out and he would be an old fellow among the boys, and only in the way.

Something of this crept into one of his letters—some remark about her "gray-haired old friend." It was the last letter she received before sailing

for home, and she smiled, with moistened eyes, as she read it.

When the Waldens arrived in Sidon they had been absent a week over the three years; and before the evening paper announced their return, they had a long day of rest. Jack called early in the evening, for he wished to meet them at first alone. The ladies came down stairs—Mrs. Walden and Helen—and they gave him very cordial greetings. Then Allie appeared on the threshold, smiling and flushing slightly, with a happy look in the blue eyes that sought her old friend. It did not matter much what they said to each other, for Allie, in this hour of her triumph, read his honest face and knew that she had her heart's desire.

But they had little time for more than the first greetings; other callers arrived, of those who were on intimate terms with the Waldens, and soon the ladies were holding an impromptu reception. Helen and Allie had each her little circle of admirers, while Jack remained near Mrs. Walden. The knowing men gathered around Helen—for was she not the heiress? And she looked very happy and beautiful. Yet Allie, who in dress, manner and beauty, might also have been a daughter of this house—Allie, too, held her court of the younger fellows. Jack watched these handsome, smiling boys with a jealous pain, and he felt that his old plans of self-renunciation were impossible.

Mrs. Walden noted the direction of his eyes and said, in an aside: "Is not Allie improved? She has made wonderful use of her time, and she is the same true-hearted little girl as ever. Helen is happy to-night, also," she added, "for an old friend of hers returned from Germany with us, and he will be here to-morrow."

The groups were changing. An elderly bachelor was relating to Helen a comical story of his Parisian life, and Mrs. Walden joined the circle, with Jack. Allie, also, brought her little group forward to listen, and her eyes met Jack's. Just then, when the interest of the story was at its height and close attention was given the narrator, she stepped back to the little table where she had left her fan. In an instant Jack was beside her.

"Allie," he murmured, "the June roses are blossoming now; will you give me one?"

She raised her eyes quickly to his face; then dropped them. "Yes, Doctor Jack," she said, in her old, childlike manner, and led the way out in silence.

They passed through the conservatory and down the steps, where she plucked two red roses; one she fastened to his coat, the other at her own creamy neck. Gently he imprisoned her fingers, and thus, hand in hand, they walked slowly down the path to the foot of the garden. Dimly through the trees shone the distant lights, and the fragrance of the blossoms fell heavily upon them.

He clasped her hand more closely and drew her to him. She lifted her face bravely, crimsoned but unfaltering, and he stooped and gave her tremulous lips their first kiss.

Later on, looking up in his face, she said: "I was afraid I had lost you at one time."

"I never really loved her," Jack protested.

Yet again, he said: "I feared that some one might have stolen you away from me."

Her face lit up as she answered: "Ah, Jack, you don't know how a woman's heart will wait for its first love!"



THE PONSONBY DIAMONDS.

FROM THE DOCTOR'S DIARY.

FEW cases in their day interested me more than that of Beryl Temple, and this, not so much from the medical point of view as from the character of this strong-minded and brave girl.

It was on the occasion of her mother's death that I first became acquainted with Beryl. She suffered keenly at the time, but her courage and presence of mind and fine self-suppression aroused my interest, and when, a month afterwards, she came to me and told me in the simple manner which always characterized her that she was not only friendless but without means of support, I eagerly asked in what way I could help her.

She replied with a blush, and something like tears in her eyes.

"Of all the things in the world," she said, "I should like best to be trained as a hospital nurse—do you think I am suited to the profession?"

"Admirably," I replied. "You have nerve and self-control; you have also good health and, although I am sure that you have plenty of heart, you would never be mawkishly sentimental."

"Oh, no," she answered; "I am glad you approve."

"I cordially approve," I replied. "In many cases the profession of nursing is best undertaken by women who are not too highly cultivated, and whose position is below that of the supposed lady—but you, Miss Temple, will make an admirable nurse. Your peculiar characteristics fit you for this calling."

I saw by the expression of her face that my words pleased her. I helped her to take the necessary steps to become a probationer at one of the large hospitals. She entered on her profession with enthusiasm—her time of training passed without hitch, and in

due course I placed her on my own special staff of nurses.

I had been by no means mistaken in Miss Temple's qualifications—her nerve was wonderful, her tact perfect. Although slight and rather delicate looking, she had a great reserve of strength, and I never knew her to break down or fail in any way, even when the case she had to attend to was involved in serious difficulties.

For nervous cases in especial, I found Miss Temple invaluable, and it so happened that she was the first person I applied to in the case of a very peculiar patient, Lady Violet Dalrymple.

I was sent for to the country to see Lady Violet in the autumn of the year 1889.

I remember the night when the telegram came to me from her mother, the Countess of Erstfield. Lady Violet was the only child—a girl of seventeen. Lady Erstfield had once brought her to see me in town. I then considered her an overgrown, somewhat nervous girl, had ordered change, a quiet life, plenty of fresh air, plenty of nourishment, plenty of congenial occupation, and had felt assured that if these remedies were systematically followed out, the young girl would quickly recover from the nervous derangements which were just then interfering with her health and happiness.

By the tenor of Lady Erstfield's telegram, however, I feared that this was not the case.

"I am very anxious about Violet. Come without delay," she wired.

I replied by telegram that I would arrive at Beeches by a late train that evening. I did so. Lady Erstfield was up. I had a long interview with her, and got all possible information with regard to my patient's state of

health. I did not see Lady Violet herself, however, until the following morning.

At an early hour that day I was taken into the pretty boudoir, where I found my patient lying on a sofa. It was a room furnished with all that taste, money, and love could suggest. Books, flowers, pictures, birds in cages, all that was gay and bright, surrounded the lovely girl who lay pale and languid on a sofa drawn close to the open window. This window commanded a perfect view of river, wood and meadow, with a distant peep of low-lying hills against the horizon. To my eyes, accustomed to London bustle and noise, this view alone was restful and delightful.

Drawing a chair forward, I sat down by my patient and entered into a commonplace talk with her. I had purposely asked Lady Erstfield to leave us, for I knew by experience that in nervous cases the patient was far more inclined to be confidential and to reply truthfully to questions when alone with the physician.

Having carefully examined Lady Violet, and made certain that she was suffering from no organic disease, it only remained for me to conclude that she was a victim to one of those many ill-defined and misunderstood nervous disorders, which, by their variety and complexity, present the greatest difficulty in medical practice.

The treatment I saw at once must be moral, not medical.

"I don't find much the matter with you," I said, cheerfully; "your disease is more fancy than reality—instead of

lying here, you ought to be having a gallop across those moors yonder."

Lady Violet gazed at me with a look of surprise and even faint displeasure in her large brown eyes.

"I love riding," she said, in a gentle voice, "but it is long since I have had the pleasure of a canter over the moors or anywhere else."

"You should not give up riding," I said; "it is a most healthful exercise and a splendid tonic for the nerves."



I SAT DOWN BY MY PATIENT.

"I don't think you can realize how very weak I am," she answered, something like tears dimming her eyes. "Did not mother explain to you the strange symptoms from which I suffer?"

"The symptoms of which you complain are clearly due to an overwrought imagination," I replied. "You must try to curb it by every means in your power. I assure you I am only telling you the true state of the case when I say that there is nothing serious the matter with you."



HE DISTURBED A BOOK ON THE DESK.

She sighed and looked away from me.

I took her slim hand in mine and felt her pulse. It was weak, fluttering, and uneven. I bent forward and looked into her eyes—the pupils were slightly dilated. Still I held firmly to my opinion that nervous derangement, that most convenient phrase, was at the bottom of all that was wrong.

"Now," I said, rising as I spoke, "I will prescribe a drive for you this afternoon, and in a day or two, I have no doubt, you will be strong enough to get on horseback again. Take no medicines; eat plenty, and amuse yourself in every way in your power."

Soon afterwards I left the room, and saw Lady Erstfield alone.

"Your daughter is an instance of that all too common condition which

we call neurasthenia," I said. "Although, unlike the name, the disease is not a coinage of the nineteenth century, still it has greatly increased of late, and claims for its victims those who have fallen out of the ranks of the marching army of women, in the advancing education and culture of their sex."

"I don't understand your placing Violet in that position," said Lady Erstfield, with reddening cheeks.

"My dear madam," I replied, "your daughter is the undoubted victim of over-culture and little to do. Were she a farmer's daughter, or were she obliged in any other way to work for her living, she would be quite well. The treat-

ment which I prescribed is simply this—healthy occupation of every muscle and every faculty. Do all in your power to turn her thoughts outward, and to arouse an active interest in her mind for something or someone. I assure you that although I am not anxious about her present state yet cases like hers, if allowed to drift, frequently end in impairment of intellect in some degree, either small or great."

Lady Erstfield looked intensely unhappy. "Violet is our only child," she said; "her father and I are wrapped up in her. Although you seem to apprehend no danger to her life——"

"There is none," I interrupted.

"Yet you allude to other troubles which fill me with terror. There is

nothing Lord Erstfield and I would not do for our child. Will you kindly tell me how we are to provide her with the interests and occupations which are to restore her mind to a healthy condition?"

I thought for a moment.

"Lady Violet is very weak just now," I said, "her whole constitution has been so enfeebled with imaginary fears and nervous disorders that a little good nursing would not come amiss for her. I propose, therefore, to send a nurse to look after your daughter."

Lady Erstfield uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"A hospital nurse!" she exclaimed; "the mere word will terrify Violet into hysterics."

"Nothing of the kind," I answered.

"The nurse I propose to send here is not an ordinary one. She is a lady—well born and well educated. She is extremely clever, and is remarkable both for her tact and gentleness. She thoroughly understands her duties—in

this case they will consist mainly in amusing Lady Violet in the most strengthening and invigorating manner. Her name is Temple. I will ask you to call her Miss Temple, and never to speak of her or to her as nurse. She will soon win her own way with your daughter, and I shall be greatly surprised if she does not become more or less indispensable to her. She is just as healthy-minded, as bright, as strong as Lady Violet is the reverse."

After a little more conversation with Lady Erstfield, it was arranged that Miss Temple was to be telegraphed for at once.

I wrote her a long letter, giving her full directions with regard to the patient. This letter I left with Lady Erstfield, and asked her to deliver it to Miss Temple as soon as ever she arrived. I then went to bid Lady Violet good-bye.

She looked even more wan and exhausted than when I had seen her in the morning. I thought it well to let



"YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL BERYL."

her know about Miss Temple's arrival.

"She is a thoroughly nice girl," I said. "She will nurse you when you want to be nursed, and amuse you when you wished to be amused, and let you alone when you want to be quiet, and you will find her so fresh and bright and entertaining that you will soon, I am persuaded, be unable to do without her. Good-bye, now—I hope you will soon be much better, both for your mother's sake and your own."

Lady Violet raised her brows.

"Is mother unhappy about me?" she asked.

"She loves you," I replied, steadily, "and is getting quite worn out with anxiety about you. I wish her mind to be relieved as soon as possible, and I think it is your duty to do what you can towards this end."

"What can you mean?" asked Lady Violet.

"In your mother's presence," I answered, "you ought to endeavor as much as possible to overcome the melancholy which has taken such possession of you. Seem to be gay, even when you don't feel it. Try to appear well, even when you don't think you are. When you are alone with Miss Temple, you can do, of course, exactly as you please. But when with your father and mother, you ought to make a strenuous effort to overcome the morbid feelings, which are due entirely to the nervous weakness from which you are suffering."

Lady Violet looked at me intently.

"I love my father and mother," she exclaimed. "I would not willingly hurt the feelings of either. But, oh! how little you know what I suffer when you speak of my suppressing my trouble and terrible depression. Am I not always—always suppressing my fears? Oh, how hateful life is to me—how distasteful, how hollow. I should like to die beyond anything, and yet I am such a coward that the near approach of death would terrify me. Why was I born to be so miserable?"

"You were born to be happy," I answered, "or, at least, to be useful

and contented. Your fear of death is perfectly natural, and I hope it will be many a long day before you are called upon to resign so precious a possession as life. Remember, you have only one life—use it well—you will have to account for it some day; and now, good-bye."

I returned to London, and in about a week's time I received a letter from Miss Temple. It satisfied me thoroughly. Lady Violet was better. She went out for a little, daily. She read to herself and allowed Miss Temple to read to her. She was interested in a fancy fair which was to be held in the neighborhood, and was helping Miss Temple to work for it. The nurse had also discovered that her patient had a love, almost a passion, for music. Miss Temple was an accomplished pianist before she took up her present profession, and she and Lady Violet spent a considerable portion of each day over the piano.

In short, Miss Temple was doing all that I expected her to do for the young girl whose life was so valuable. Lady Violet was undoubtedly already acquiring that outward view which means health both of mind and body.

Miss Temple's first letter was followed in the course of time by another, which was even more hopeful than the first. Lady Violet was devotedly attached to her, and could scarcely bear her out of her presence. The girls rode together, walked together, sketched and played together. The color of health was coming back to Lady Violet's pale cheeks; she would soon, in Miss Temple's opinion, be restored to perfect health.

Lady Erstfield also wrote to me about this time, and spoke in rapture of the companion whom I had secured for her daughter.

"I cannot tell you what Beryl Temple is to us," she said; "we owe Violet's recovery to her wonderful tact, her sympathy, her genius. She is like no girl I ever met before—she fascinates and subjugates us all—we do not want ever to part with her—as to Violet, it would almost kill

her, I think, were Beryl Temple now to leave us."

About a month after receiving these two letters I was astonished and much pleased to see an announcement in the *Morning Post* to the effect that a matrimonial alliance was arranged between Lady Violet Dalrymple, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Erstfield, and Captain Geoffrey Ponsonby, of the Coldstream Guards, and that the marriage was likely to take place in December.

On reading this short paragraph I turned to my case-book, and under Lady Violet's name made the following note:

"A case of neurasthenia, in which environment with moral treatment caused recovery."

I then dismissed the subject from my mind, with the final reflection that I should not have much more to do with Lady Violet.

The following circumstances quickly proved my mistake.

On the evening of that same day I had a letter from Miss Temple, confirming the news of the approaching marriage; telling me that it had been contemplated for some time by the parents of the young people, but that a formal engagement had been deferred owing to the state of Lady Violet's health. Captain Ponsonby had arrived at Beeches about a fortnight ago, had proposed for Lady Violet, who had accepted him not without a certain unwillingness, and the marriage was arranged to take place immediately after Christmas.

"Lady Violet is not as well as I could wish," continued Miss Temple, towards the close of her letter. "At first she refused absolutely to engage herself to Captain Ponsonby, but yielded to the entreaties of both her parents, who are most desirous for the

match. She is once more languid, and inclined to be uninterested in her surroundings. I am not satisfied about her state, and deeply regret Captain Ponsonby's arrival—she was really in radiant health when he came to the house a fortnight ago. Lord and Lady Erstfield quite fail to observe their daughter's state of depression and active preparations for the wedding are going forward."

This letter was followed almost immediately by a second.

"DEAR DR. HALIFAX," wrote Miss Temple, "I am in great, in dreadful,



I FELT AS IF I WERE SHOT.

trouble—not alone about Lady Violet, whose condition alarms me much, but on my own account. In short, I am bewildered by the fearful calamity which has suddenly overtaken me. I have not a soul to confide in, and greatly long to see you. I know I must not expect you to come here, and yet it is impossible for me, under existing circumstances, to ask for a day off duty. God help me; I am the most unhappy girl in the world!

"Yours sincerely,

"BERYL TEMPLE."

I received this letter by the last post one night. It caused me some wakeful hours, for I was greatly puzzled how to act. By the morning I resolved to write a line to Lady Erstfield, telling her that I had heard from Miss Temple of Lady Violet's altered condition, and offering to come to see her. That letter was not destined to be written, however. As I was sitting at breakfast a telegram was put into my hand. It was from Lord Erst-



I BEG OF YOU NOT TO GO.

field, requesting me to go to Beeches immediately.

I started off by an early train and arrived at my destination about noon. I was shown at once into a reception-room, where Lady Erstfield awaited me.

"It is good of you to respond so quickly to our telegram," she said. "We are in terrible trouble here. Violet is in the strangest condition. She is very feverish; her strength seems completely gone. She lies hour after hour moaning to herself, and takes little notice of anyone."

"How long has this state of things gone on?" I asked.

"The complete breakdown only took place yesterday, but Miss Temple assures me that Violet has been failing

for some time. Her father and I noticed on one or two occasions that she seemed pale and languid, but as there was a good deal to excite her, we put her fatigue down to that source. Under your judicious treatment and the admirable care Miss Temple gave her, we considered her perfectly recovered, and it did not enter into our minds that a recurrence of the old attack was possible."

"When you speak of Lady Violet having much to excite her, you doubtless allude to her engagement?" I said. "I saw it officially announced in the *Morning Post*. I judged from it that she had quite recovered."

Lady Erstfield colored.

"We thought so," she said; "her father and I both thought so. We were much pleased at the contemplated marriage, and we imagined that our child was happy, too. Captain Ponsonby is all that anyone can desire."

"And you have reason not to be satisfied now?" I asked.

"The fact is this," said Lady Erstfield, shortly: "Violet is unhappy—she

does not wish the engagement to go on. She told Miss Temple so this morning. I have seen my dear child on the subject an hour ago—we cannot account for her caprice in this matter."

"I will see Lady Violet now, if you will permit me," I said. "The engagement is, doubtless, the cause of this strange breakdown. Will you take me to her room?"

Lady Erstfield led the way without a word.

I found my patient even worse than her mother had given me to understand. In addition to much nervous trouble, she had unquestionably taken a chill of some sort, and symptoms of pneumonia were manifesting themselves. When I bent over her, I noticed the deep flush on her cheeks, her

eyes were closed—her breathing was short and hurried. Miss Temple was standing by the bedside—she gave me an earnest glance, her face was as pale as Lady Violet's was flushed. I noticed that Lady Erstfield avoided speaking to the nurse, who, on her part, moved slightly away as she approached. The despair, however, which must have filled the poor mother's heart as she watched her suffering child might in itself account for her manner. I was very anxious to see the nurse alone, and asked Lady Erstfield if I could do so.

"Certainly," she answered; "I will watch here until Miss Temple is able to resume her duties."

"I will not be long away," answered Beryl. She took me at once into Lady Violet's pretty little boudoir and shut the door.

"I must be very quick," she said, "my place is with Violet. You think her very ill?"

"I do," I answered. "Her life is in danger. She is threatened with pneumonia. If the symptoms grow worse, she will not have strength to bear up under the attack."

"Oh, then, I must not think of myself—even now I manage to soothe her as no one else can. Let me go back!"

"Sit down," I answered; "you will not be fit long to nurse anyone unless you look after yourself. What is the matter with you? You are greatly changed!"

"Did I not tell you in my letter that I am in great trouble?"

Miss Temple's words were interrupted by a knock at the door of the boudoir.

She said "Come in," and a manservant entered. He approached Lady Violet's little writing-table, disturbed a book or two, and finally retreated with an "A B C" in his hand, apologizing as he did so.

"Do you know who that man is?" asked Miss Temple.

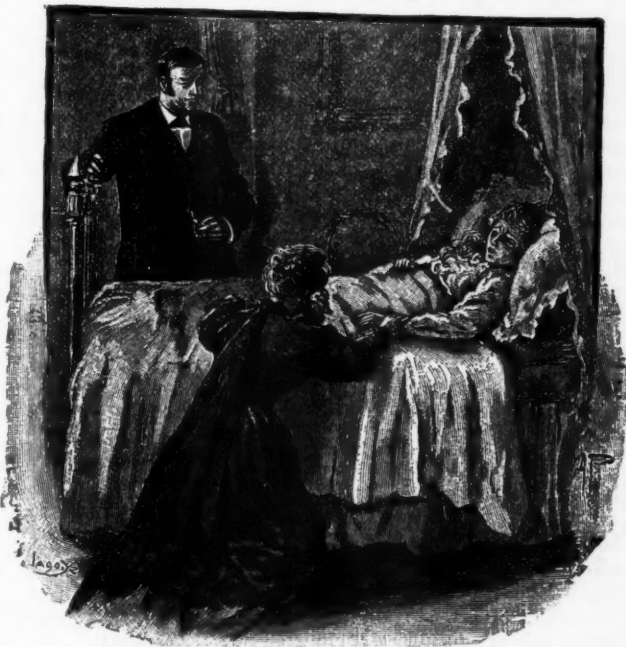
"One of the servants," I replied; "never mind him—tell me your trouble as quickly as possible."

"He is connected with it, unfortunately. He is not one of the usual servants of the house, although he wears the livery. That man is a detective from Scotland Yard, and he came into the room just now to watch me. He, or his fellow detective, for there are two here, watch me wherever I go. On one excuse or another, they enter each room where I am found."

"What do you mean?" I asked of her.

"I will tell you in as few words as possible—can you wonder that I am changed?"

"I am lost in conjecture as to what



THEY ARE LOST VIOLET, DEAR.

you can possibly mean," I answered, looking at her anxiously.

In truth I had cause for my anxiety.

Her fine face looked absolutely aged and worn. Her eyes were almost too large—their expression was strained—they had heavy black lines under them. Her mouth showed extreme dejection. When I remembered the blooming healthy girl who had gone to Beeches two months ago, I was appalled by the change.

"Speak," I said; "I am deeply interested. You know that I will do everything in my power to help you."

"This is my story," she said: "Lady Violet got quite well—I was much attached to her, we were very happy—it seemed like the old life back again, when my mother was alive and I had a luxurious home. Lord and Lady Erstfield treated me more like a daughter than a nurse; Lady Violet was my dear sister. Then Captain Ponsonby came. He proposed, and was accepted. Immediately after the engagement Lady Violet drooped; she no longer gave me her confidence; she lost her appetite; she became constrained and silent. Once or twice I caught her crying—she turned away when I tried to question her. Lord and Lady Erstfield noticed no change, and Captain Ponsonby came and went as an honored guest. No one seemed to notice the efforts Lady Violet made to seem at home in his society.

"One morning about ten days ago Lady Erstfield, accompanied by Captain Ponsonby, came into this room, where I was reading aloud to my dear little patient. I could not imagine why they did not observe her pale cheeks and her languor. I saw, however, at a glance that Lady Erstfield was in a high state of excitement and delight. She held a jewel-case in her hand. She opened it and, bending down, showed its glittering contents to her daughter. I was startled at the effect on Lady Violet. She clapped her hands in ecstasy and sat upright on the sofa. Her eyes had grown suddenly bright, and her cheeks rosy.

"How I adore diamonds," she said,

'and what beauties these are: oh, you lovely creatures! But, mother, why do you show them to me?'

"They are my present to you, Violet," said Captain Ponsonby. 'Those diamonds are heirlooms in the family, and are of great value. They will be yours when we are married.'

"Come and look at them, Beryl," exclaimed Lady Violet. 'Are they not splendid?' As she spoke she lifted a diamond necklace of extraordinary brilliancy and quaint device out of the case. I knelt down by her and examined the gems with delight almost equal to her own. I have always had a great love for jewels, and for diamonds in particular, and these were quite the most magnificent I had ever seen. The necklace was accompanied by a tiara and earrings, and the gems were worth, Lady Erstfield said, from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds.

"We spent some time examining and criticising them. Violet sent for a looking-glass from one of the bedrooms in order to see the effect of the jewels round her throat. She insisted on my trying them on as well as herself. Lady Violet is fair, but, as you know, I am very dark. I could not help seeing for myself that the jewels suited me. Lady Violet uttered an exclamation when she saw them on me. 'You look beautiful, Beryl,' she said.

"I laughed, and was about to answer her, when I met Captain Ponsonby's eyes. There was something in his expression which I did not quite like. I unfastened the necklace quickly and laid it back in its velvet bed.

"Thank you for letting me try it on," I said. 'I feel as if for one brief moment I had imprisoned the rainbow.'

"I don't know why I said those words. They did me no good afterwards, but I was excited at the time. The magnificent diamonds had really cast a spell over me. Lady Erstfield suggested that Violet should go out for her usual ride.

"No, mother; I am too tired," she replied. 'I will drive instead, and Beryl shall come with me.'

"'Run and get ready, then,' said Lady Erstfield to me.

"I was leaving the room when she suddenly called me back.

"My dear,' she said, giving me the case which held the diamonds as she spoke, 'will you have the goodness to take these to my room, and lock them up in my jewel safe? Here is the key. You must turn the lock twice, and when the revolving shutter moves back, use this smaller key to unlock the inner compartment. Put the case in there and bring me back the keys when you have changed your dress.'

"I promised to obey, and ran off with a light heart.

"The safe where Lady Erstfield kept her jewels was built into the wall, and was of a very ingenious device. Following her directions implicitly, I opened it, placed the case within, and locked the safe carefully again. I then went and changed my dress and returned the keys to Lady Erstfield. Captain Ponsonby, Lady Violet, and I had a pleasant drive, and nothing more was said about the diamonds—I really think we all forget them.

"The next morning Lady Violet came down to breakfast, looking so ghastly pale and so depressed, that even her mother uttered an exclamation of surprise when she saw her.

"My darling, you look positively ill,' she said, going up and kissing her.

"Lady Violet gave her a startled and queer look. She made some remark in a very low voice, and with a pettish movement. She then crossed the room to my side, and Lady Erstfield did not question her any further.

"Just as we were leaving the breakfast table, Captain Ponsonby announced his intention of running up to town for the day, and suddenly suggested that he should take the diamonds with him in order to give the jeweller plenty of time to re-set them in the most thorough manner.

"That is a good thought, Geoffrey,' said Lady Erstfield. Then she turned to me.

"You know where the jewels are,

Beryl,' she said—'here are my keys—run, dear, and fetch them. I don't allow even my own maid to know the secret of my jewel safe,' she continued, looking at Captain Ponsonby as she spoke.

"I ran away, reached Lady Erstfield's room, unlocked the safe, and put in my hand to take out the case. It had vanished. I searched for it at first without any uneasiness, then in bewilderment, then in a sort of frantic terror. There was the empty spot on the floor of the safe where I had placed the case—there were the other cases of jewels pushed aside in some little confusion, but the Ponsonby diamonds had absolutely vanished.

"The full horror of the situation had not yet burst upon me—I had not yet even begun to *think* that anyone would suspect me, but, nevertheless, I felt sick with a sort of nameless terror.

"I locked the safe and returned to the breakfast-room.

"Lord Erstfield was standing by the hearth, talking to Captain Ponsonby—Lady Erstfield was reading the *Times* and Violet was kneeling on the floor playing with her favorite pug. There peaceful faces added to my misery. I know I must have looked wild and frightened—I know when I spoke my voice must have shaken.

"The diamonds are gone,' I said; 'they are not in the safe.'

"It was just as if I had flung a bomb into the midst of the cheerful party. Lord Erstfield drew himself up with a dazed expression. Captain Ponsonby turned white, and Lady Erstfield, with a sharp cry, rushed from the room, snatching the keys from my hand as she did so.

"There is no use in Lady Erstfield examining the safe,' I said, 'the diamonds are certainly not there—I have searched all the shelves. The spot where I placed them yesterday is empty; the case has vanished.'

"I don't believe it,' said Violet. 'The diamonds must be there. You must be mistaken, Beryl.'

"I made no reply, but when the others left the room I followed.

"We all now went up in a body to Lady Erstfield's room, and the safe was carefully examined by Lord Erstfield and Captain Ponsonby. The case containing the diamonds was indeed missing, but not another jewel, not even the smallest ring had been touched. There was no mark of the safe having been tampered with in any way, and it was made on a perfectly unique pattern, and there was not supposed to be a key in the world to fit it, except the special ones made for it, the whole affair seemed buried in hopeless mystery. No one accused me in any way, and it never occurred to me, as I stood in that room, to accuse myself. We discussed the matter in all its bearings. We stood round the open safe and talked until we were tired. I described the exact position in which I had placed the case. Lady Erstfield was certain that from the moment I returned her the keys they had not been out of her possession until she had again placed them in my hands that morning.

"Finally we left the room in a state of hopeless bewilderment. Violet and I went away by ourselves, and, sitting down together, discussed the strange mystery from every point of view. The loss of the jewels had much excited her. She had regained her color and her manner was quite animated.

" 'I thought, at least, I should have the diamonds,' she said, with a queer sort of desolate echo in her voice, 'and I love diamonds: they seem to comfort me in the strangest way. I feel akin to them. When they sparkle and leap and glitter, they appear to me to be alive; they tell me secrets of the strange things they have witnessed in the course of their long existence. Think, if the Ponsonby diamonds could speak, what stories they could tell of the queer, queer things they have seen and heard; eh, Beryl?'

"I tried to turn the conversation—Lady Violet was always worse after indulging in wild talk of this sort.

" 'We have now to consider how to get the Ponsonby diamonds back,'

I said. 'Who can have stolen them?'

"We talked the matter threadbare, arriving, of course, at no conclusion.

"At lunch we were surprised to find that Captain Ponsonby had not gone to London. When the servants withdrew, we were told that the affair of the diamonds had been put not only into the hands of the local police, but that the authorities in Scotland Yard had been communicated with, and that in all probability a couple of detectives would be sent to Beeches that night.

" 'We have decided,' said Lord Erstfield, 'not to say anything of our loss to the servants. The person who stole those diamonds is quite clever enough to hide them if the least alarm is raised. Our best chance of recovering the treasure is through detectives, who will come here, of course, in plain clothes. We are expecting several fresh guests to-morrow, and in consequence the servants have heard that two new men-servants from London are coming here to help them. We have communicated this fact to Scotland Yard, and the men will be provided with house livery.'

"After making this statement, which he did very briefly, Lord Erstfield left the room.

"The early part of the afternoon passed listlessly. Lady Violet was once more pale, deadly tired, and too languid to care to do anything. I persuaded her to lie down, and offered to read her to sleep.

" 'No,' she answered; 'I don't want anyone to read to me. I will shut my eyes and think of the diamonds. Go and take a walk, Beryl; you look pale and tired yourself.'

"I saw she did not want me, and, putting on my hat, I went out for a stroll. I had gone a little way from the house when I heard footsteps behind me. I turned and saw, to my surprise, that Captain Ponsonby was following me.

" 'I noticed that you had gone out,' he said, 'and took the liberty of coming after you.' He grew red as he

spoke. 'I want to say something to you,' he said; 'something of importance. Can we go somewhere where we can be alone?'

"I told him that I was going to walk through the shrubbery, and that he might, if he pleased, accompany me there; 'but,' I added, 'I shall not be out long, for I am anxious about Lady Violet and want to return to her.'

"We entered the shrubbery as I spoke. He did not speak at all for a moment; then he said, with a sort of abruptness which surprised me:—

"'I will not keep you long. I am glad of this opportunity.'

Here he paused, and, turning, looked me full in the face.

"'If you will give me back the diamonds,' he said, 'I will faithfully promise to arrange matters so that not a breath of suspicion shall rest upon you.'

"I felt as if I were shot. His words took me so completely by surprise that I could not find either breath or speech for a moment.

"'Do you really think,' I said then, in a choking voice—'is it possible that you think, really, that I—I have stolen the diamonds?'

"I suppose my agitation confirmed his suspicions.

"He looked at me with a queer sort of pity.

"'I could see yesterday how struck you were with their beauty,' he said. 'Do you remember what you said about imprisoning the rainbow? The opportunity to take the diamonds was put into your hands. You could not resist the sudden temptation, but I am sure you are sorry now, and would return them if it were possible. I believe I can manage this for you, if you will confide in me.'

"I turned quickly; my face was hot; my heart was beating so fast I thought it would burst.

"'Come with me at once to Lady Erstfield,' I said; 'say those words again in her presence. She shall search all my possessions. Come, don't delay a moment.'

"'You must be mad,' he said.

'For Heaven's sake don't inculcate yourself in that manner. As far as I am aware, I am the only person who, at present, suspects you. It has never, I know, even entered into Violet's head that you could have had anything to do with the robbery, and Lord and Lady Erstfield, I am sure, think you as innocent as themselves—they are the most loyal people in the world—they believe, and rightly, that they owe Violet's life to you. I don't think they could harbor an unkind thought of you. Lord Erstfield and I have talked over the loss for a couple of hours this morning, and your name has not once been mentioned in connection with it—I alone—'

"'You alone,' I interrupted, 'entertain this horrible doubt against a defenceless girl?'

"'I am very sorry,' he replied, in a steady voice, 'but it is not even a doubt.' Here he looked full at me. 'In my mind it takes the form of a certainty. It is absolutely impossible that anyone else could have taken the diamonds. They are gone—you were last seen with them—you put them into the safe. You returned the keys to Lady Erstfield, who did not let them out of her possession until she gave them to you again this morning. You must see for yourself what the logical conclusion is—you are the culprit.'

"'No one else has come to that logical conclusion,' I answered.

"'I am a man of the world,' he replied.

"I stood perfectly still for a moment. His cool assurance seemed to deprive me almost of the power of thought. I turned to walk towards the house, but he barred my path.

"'What can I do to induce you to be guided by my common sense?' he said. 'I can understand the sudden temptation—if you return the jewels to me, not a shadow of suspicion shall ever rest upon you from any other quarter.'

"'I think,' I said, in a trembling voice, 'that the only thing for me to do will be to adhere to my first resolution, to see Lady Erstfield in your

presence—to ask you to accuse me of the theft before her—to insist upon having all my possessions searched, and then to leave Beeches immediately.'

"'You won't screen yourself by any such plan,' said Captain Ponsonby—'nay, your wish to leave Beeches will seem to all interested as a certain proof of your guilt. I wish I could get you to understand that I do not feel unkindly to you—that I am sincerely anxious to be your friend in this matter. *I know you to be guilty.* If you protest from now until Doomsday, the firm conviction in my mind would still be unshaken. May I state the case very briefly to you? Will you try and listen as if I were telling you about some other girl? You took the diamonds in a moment of acute temptation. You are, I presume, a penniless girl. You admired the gems, not only for themselves but also for the effect they produced when they shone like so many suns around your warm, white throat. The price of these jewels was named in your presence. If you could sell them, you would be rich—if you could keep them and wear them, you would be beautiful enough to turn any man's head. Yes, I understand—I pity, and I am most anxious to screen you. No one else suspects you at present at Beeches, but that state of things will not continue there much longer. As soon as the detectives from London arrive, their suspicions will naturally be fastened on you. Your youth and apparent innocence will in no way deceive them. They will whisper doubts into the minds of Lord and Lady Erstfield, and into the mind of Lady Violet. The Ponsonby diamonds are of immense historical importance—they have been mixed up with the fortunes of the family for a couple of centuries, and it is absolutely impossible that a girl like you can hide them successfully. Go where you will, you will never be able to sell that necklace and pendant. Each diamond has a story, and can be traced by experts into whatever hands it falls. You can never sell the necklace, nor would you

ever dare to wear it, except in the privacy of your own room. I beg of you, therefore, to let me have it back, and I solemnly swear that the secret shall never pass my lips.'

"'I listened to Captain Ponsonby's speech with great attention. The buzzing in my ears and the great tumult round my heart had now to a considerable extent subsided. I was able to bring my common sense to bear upon the matter, and to absolutely force myself to look the facts in the face as they were presented to me from Captain Ponsonby's point of view. Strange as it may seem, my whole nature became subjected to a sort of revulsion, and far now from being angry with Captain Ponsonby for his accusations, I could not but admire something chivalrous in him which made him come as he thought to my assistance. My only wonder now was, that the Erstfields and Lady Violet were not also convinced of my guilt.

"'I remained silent, therefore, for a couple of minutes before I replied.

"'I understand,' I said then, slowly, 'you have explained the position of affairs. I see plainly how very black the circumstantial evidence is against me. I am not surprised at your suspicions, and my wonder is that they are not shared by the rest of the family. As it happens, I am not the thief you imagine me.'

"'When I said this, he sighed heavily, shook his head, and, turning, began to walk slowly back with me towards the house.

"'I am not a thief,' I continued, 'for the simple reason that the temptation you spoke about did not exist. The beauty of the gems attracted me yesterday, and I looked at them with pleasure, as I like to look at all lovely things, but I never coveted them; the thought never occurred to me to wish to possess them. I am not as other girls—my life is consecrated—consecrated to the cause of suffering and pain. I live to help people who are obliged to keep on the shady side of life. My whole mind and heart are occupied with these people and their

concerns. I do not want money, for my profession supplies me with plenty, and if I had diamonds ten times as beautiful, when as a professional nurse, could I wear them? I have listened to your side of the affair—I must beg of you to listen to mine. You must see for yourself that, the temptation not existing, it could not be acted upon. I believe you mean kindly by all that you have said, and I thank you for the kindness. Now I will go indoors.'

"I left him—he did not say another word, but I saw by the expression of his face that I had only puzzled without convincing him.

"I went straight up to my own room, and sitting down, thought over the queer turn of events. The horror of the thing grew greater and greater the more I thought it over. I felt torn in two—longing one moment to rush to Lady Erstfield and tell her everything, and the next being kept back by the thought that by so doing I might only put a suspicion into her head which did not exist.

"I was presently sent for to attend to Violet. She had awakened after a bad dream and was in a very uncomfortable and depressed condition. Notwithstanding my own great unhappiness, I could see that she had something on her mind, but although I did all in my power to break the ice, I could not get her to talk to me in a free and natural manner.

"That evening the detectives arrived from London, and the next day several visitors came to the house. Everything went on with outward smoothness, and the subject of the diamonds was by mutual consent never alluded to. Lady Violet grew worse, and the gay house party dispersed sooner than was intended. Captain Ponsonby stayed on, however. I met him occasionally, but we scarcely exchanged a word. I could see that he was anxious and haggard, but I set this down to his fears with regard to Lady Violet, who steadily refused to see him, and never left her bedroom and boudoir. I spent almost all my time with her, but as the days wore on

I could not feel the horror of my position more and more. I saw plainly that the suspicion which Captain Ponsonby harboured was shared by the two detectives, and also, in process of time, the poisonous thought was communicated to Lord and Lady Erstfield. Lady Erstfield's manner to me completely altered. Instead of treating me with almost the affection of a mother, she was cold and distant; she avoided meeting my eyes, and never spoke to me on any subject except what related to Violet's health. That is the position of affairs to-day, Dr. Halifax. I am suspected of the most horrible theft, and have not a chance of clearing myself. Lady Violet alone loves me as of old. She is my dear sister, and for her sake——"

Here the poor girl completely broke down, and, covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud.

"Take courage," I said to her. "I have, at least, one bit of comfort for you: I also fully believe in you. You no more stole the diamonds than I did."

"Oh, thank you—that is like you," she said. "God bless you for those words."

"I am glad I have come here, for every reason," I continued. "My presence here is necessary not only on account of Lady Violet, but also on your account. I introduced you to this house, and am responsible for your conduct; I shall therefore not leave a stone unturned to clear you, and now you must go back to your work with as brave a heart as you can."

She rose at once, wiping her eyes and trying to look cheerful.

"One word before you return to Lady Violet," I said. "Is it true that she has broken off her engagement?"

"Yes."

"Lady Erstfield told me that she gave you her confidence in this matter."

"Yes, she spoke to me this morning."

"Do you mind telling me what she said?"

"She was very weak and had a difficulty in using her voice, but she whispered to me. Her words were something like these:—

"Tell my father and mother that I do not love Captain Ponsonby, and will never marry him. From the first he never attracted me, and now there is no inducement—not even the diamonds!"

"Did she really say 'not even the diamonds'?"

"Yes, she certainly did. I thought it strange at the time."

"It was undoubtedly strange. Now go back to your patient and keep up all the courage you can. I shall remain at Beeches until to-morrow, and even longer if necessary. I wish to take care of Lady Violet myself to-night, in order to give you rest."

Miss Temple left the room, and after thinking matters over I went downstairs. Captain Ponsonby was still in the house. When I abruptly entered one of the drawing-rooms, I found him talking with Lady Erstfield.

"Can I speak to you?" I said to the lady.

"Certainly," she replied, starting up. "Is Violet worse? What is the matter?"

"There is no change in Lady Violet's condition," I replied. "What I have to speak about refers to Miss Temple."

Captain Ponsonby rose when I said this and prepared to leave the room.

I interrupted this movement.

"I beg of you not to go," I said. "I particularly want you to hear what I have come to say."

He turned and walked slowly back to one of the windows. I could see by the expression of his face that he was a good deal annoyed. He was a handsome, soldierly-looking man, of at least five-and-thirty-years of age, with a somewhat overbearing manner,

I could understand a child like Lady Violet shrinking from him in possible fear, and yet there was nothing understanding about him. I could see that he was scrupulously honourable, although his tact would probably not be of the finest.

"I should like you to hear what I have got to say," I continued, "for you seem to be mixed up in the matter. I refer to the loss of the diamonds."

"Oh, the diamonds!" exclaimed Lady Erstfield. "Do you suppose we, any of us, care about them in an hour of terrible sorrow like this?"

"Pardon me," I continued, "there is one person who cares a great deal about them. A young girl, who came here at my recommendation—I allude to Miss Temple. It seems that you, sir"—here I turned to Captain Ponsonby—"have accused Miss Temple in the most unmistakable manner of having stolen the diamonds. You accused her of the theft nearly ten days ago, and since then she has reason to believe that you, Lady Erstfield, share the suspicion."

Lady Erstfield's face grew pale and troubled.

"Beryl has told you," she exclaimed. "Poor child, I feared that she would not fail to see the alteration in my manner. Try hard as I would to hide my feelings, I could not treat her as I did before."

"Well," she continued, "I am sorry, deeply sorry, to say that we all, with the exception of Violet, suspect her now. She alone had access to the safe—not a breath of suspicion falls on anyone else. Miss Temple has managed to hide the diamonds with wonderful skill for the time being—but in the end she must betray herself. We wish if possible to avoid having her arrested; she is closely watched, however, for there can be little doubt of her guilt."

"And believing this," I said, in a stern voice, "you allow this girl to continue to nurse your daughter?"

"Certainly," replied Lady Erstfield; "in Violet's present condition it would kill her to part with Miss Temple."

I had some difficulty in controlling my anger.

"I am glad I have come," I said, after a pause, "and that not only on Lady Violet's account. I cannot leave Beeches until this matter is satisfactorily cleared up. It is my firm con-

viction that Miss Temple no more stole the diamonds than you did, Lady Erstfield."

Lady Erstfield murmured something which I could not quite hear.

"I can say with the utmost truth that we are all only too anxious to clear Miss Temple from this horrible suspicion if it can be done," remarked Captain Ponsonby.

"Oh, certainly—most certainly," added Lady Erstfield. "Anything you can suggest, Dr. Halifax——"

Her words were interrupted—there came a hurried message from the sick room. Lady Violet had awakened in a high state of delirium. Lady Erstfield and I both hurried to her side. I saw that the case was truly one of life or death, and nothing further was said about the diamonds for the present.

Towards evening the sick girl seemed to grow a little easier; she sank into another heavy slumber, and I saw with satisfaction, that the remedies I had employed were already getting the pneumonia under. I now arranged that Miss Temple was to have a night's rest, and that Lady Erstfield and I should watch by the patient for the night.

Lady Erstfield lay down on a sofa at the far end of the spacious bedroom, and I sat by Lady Violet. Her sleep was frequently broken by sharp cries of pain and distress, but I generally managed by a firm word or touch to control her wild fits of delirium. She did not know me, however, although she submitted immediately when I spoke to her. I had many anxious thoughts to occupy me during the night watches. These were chiefly centred round Beryl Temple. I could not help seeing that there was abundant ground for the suspicion which attached to her. She was, I knew well, innocent; but unless the diamonds were discovered, grave doubts would always arise when her name was mentioned. I did not think the Erstfields would prosecute her, but I almost wished them to do so, in order to bring the matter to an issue.

As the night wore on, I fell for a

few moments into an uneasy sleep. In my sleep I dreamt of the diamonds. I saw them sparkling round the neck of Lady Violet, whose eyes shone with a strange, fierce fire, which made them look almost as bright as the glittering gems. I awoke with certain words on my lips. Lady Violet had said to Miss Temple: "Now there is no inducement to my marriage—not even the diamonds." I thought the words queer at the time—I pondered over them now.

Rising from my chair, I went over to the bed and looked at the sick girl. She was breathing more quietly. I laid my hand on her forehead, and knew at once that her temperature was less high.

I went across the room to Lady Erstfield. She had been asleep, but woke when I approached her.

"I think my patient is a shade easier," I said. The poor mother uttered a thankful exclamation.

"I will go and sit by her now for an hour or two," she answered. "I have had a long sleep and am refreshed. Won't you lie down, Dr. Halifax?—I will call you if Violet requires anything."

I told her that I would go into the outer room and lie on the sofa. I was by habit a light sleeper, and the least word from Lady Erstfield would bring me back to my patient. I lay down, and in a moment was asleep.

I had not slept long when the sound of conversation in the sick room aroused me.

I sprang to my feet, and went back there at once. Lady Erstfield did not hear me. She was standing, facing the bed. Lady Violet was sitting up and speaking in an eager voice.

"I am better," she said; "mother. I want the diamonds—mother, get them for me—I want to feel them and to look at them—they will comfort me—mother, do get them for me at once.—the Ponsonby diamonds, you know what I mean—*do*, mother, dear, fetch me the Ponsonby diamonds."

"You must lie down," I said, going to the other side of the bed; "here, let me cover you up."

She turned to look at me. I forced her back on her pillow and put the bed-clothes over her.

"Who are you?" she inquired, gazing at me with her bright, too bright, eyes.

"Your friend and doctor—my name is Halifax."

"Oh, have you come back again, Dr. Halifax? I like you very much. Thank you for sending me Beryl. I love Beryl. Where is she now?"

"Lying down, tired out; you must not disturb her; your mother and I will do anything for you that you want. Now you must not talk any more. Let me give you this drink."

She allowed me to put my hand under her head to raise her, and drank a little milk and soda-water, with a sigh of relief.

"That is nice," she said; "I am so thirsty."

"Turn on your side now and go to sleep," I said.

"I cannot; I cannot. Are you there, mother? Mother, don't leave me. Mother, won't you give me the diamonds? I shall sleep sound, very sound, if I may wear them round my neck! Do, mother, dear, give me the Ponsonby diamonds—you don't know how I long for them."

"My darling," said Lady Erstfield, falling suddenly on her knees by the bedside, and bursting into tears, "I would give them to you if I could; but they are lost, Violet, dear—the Ponsonby diamonds are lost."

"Oh! no, they aren't, mother," replied the girl, in a voice of astonishment; "they are in my jewel-case—in the lower drawer. The case which holds the diamonds just fits into the lower drawer of my jewel-case. You will find my keys on the dressing-table. Do, do fetch the diamonds, mother."

Lady Erstfield sprang to her feet and looked with a kind of horrified consternation at her child.

"No, my love," she said then, in a soothing voice, "you are not well and have had a bad dream. Go to sleep, my sweet darling, go to sleep."

"But I am not dreaming," said

Lady Violet—"the Ponsonby diamonds are in my dressing case. I remember putting them there quite well—I had forgotten, but I remember now quite well. Dr. Halifax, won't you fetch them?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Lady Erstfield, will you direct me to Lady Violet's jewel case?"

"Yes," replied Lady Erstfield.

The poor woman staggered rather than walked across the room. She gave me the key of the jewel-case. I opened it and lifted out the several compartments until I came to the bottom drawer. There lay an old-fashioned morocco case. I opened it, and the Ponsonby jewels in all their magnificence lay before me.

"My God, what does this mean?" gasped Lady Erstfield.

"Hush," I said, "don't say anything—take them to her."

"You must do it, I cannot," she moaned.

I took the case up to the bedside. Lady Violet gave a little cry of rapture when she saw it. In a twinkling she had lifted the necklace from its bed of ruby velvet and had clasped it round her white throat.

"Oh, my beautiful, sparkling treasures!" she exclaimed; "how I love you—how you comfort me!"

She lay down at once and closed her eyes. In a moment she was in sound and dreamless sleep.

The case was one no doubt of sudden and acute kleptomania. This strange nervous disorder had in all probability been developed in Lady Violet by the depression caused by her uncongenial engagement to Captain Ponsonby. The whole thing was now clear as daylight—poor Lady Violet was the unconscious thief. She had stolen the diamonds and then forgotten all about her theft. In her delirium memory returned to her, and in her desire to possess the gems she recalled where she had placed them. How she secured the keys of the safe was an unsolved mystery for some time, but Lady Erstfield, in thinking matters over, remembered how close

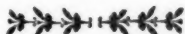
Violet had sat by her side on the sofa in one of the drawing-rooms the evening before the loss was discovered.

"She was often fond of putting her hand into my pocket in play," said the lady; "it was a trick of hers as a child, and I used to be quite cross about it, sometimes. She must have transferred the keys from my pocket to her own on that occasion, gone upstairs and removed the diamonds from my jewel case to her own jewel-case, and then once more slipped the keys back into my pocket."

This explanation seemed sufficiently likely to satisfy people; anyhow, no other was ever forthcoming. Poor Beryl was, of course, restored to higher favour than ever; indeed, Lord and Lady Erstfield felt that they could

not possibly make enough of her. The finding of the diamonds was the turning-point in Lady Violet's illness. She slept for many hours with the sparkling gems round her neck, and when she awoke it was to consciousness and recovery.

The diamonds were returned to Captain Ponsonby on the following day, and the engagement between him and Lady Violet was at an end. There is only one strange thing to add to this strange story. Lady Violet has never, from the moment of her awakening to now, alluded to the Ponsonby diamonds. It is my belief that she has forgotten all about them, and, as far as I can tell, I do not think she will ever be visited by another attack of kleptomania.



GIDEON STRANGE'S JERSEY COW.

BY LAURA BRANCH.

DID yo' see her, mother, when I drove her through the gate? Aint she a beauty? Not another like her 'round, I'll be bound! We had to run her more'n I liked, though, gittin' her home. She went down the willer road 'bout half a mile 'fore Joe got her headed. It's a bad idee to run a milkin' cow them farm papers say, too. I s'pose she won't give over much this milkin'. I don't see as anybody could help it, though." And Gideon Strange sighed a self-satisfied sigh and walked to the door to again view his new purchase as she slacked her thirst at the trough by the barn-yard gate.

"I wasn't lookin' out," replied Mrs. Strange when her husband ceased speaking. He was so ardent over his new purchase that he had not waited for her to answer either of his questions.

"Not lookin' out!" exclaimed Gideon reproachfully. "Well, now, she did look purty a-goin' through that gate! Come here *now* an' look at her."

Mrs. Strange laid down a cotton stocking that she was darning—Gideon always wore cotton stockings, winter and summer—and went to the door. She paused on the door-step just behind her husband and critically surveyed the cow.

"Why, Gideon, she's a light dun, 'most mouse color! That aint the color of a Jersey," she said quickly. Ol' Lon Oft's Jersey is a light yaller an' white plaided, an' so's all the ones I ever saw."

"Jest so, Matildy, but all the same mine's a Jersey too. An' she's considerable purtier than ol' Oft's, if I do say it myself. Jest look at them trim legs an' that long thin neck—always a sign fur a good milker—an' then, notice how innercent she looks at yo'. I tell yo', Matildy, she beats all the Jersey cows in Bloomfield township!"

"She's purty enough an' I hope you've done well, Gideon, but it's a sight of money to put into jest one creature. I don't hardly feel safe. She might die. Besides I aint sure

but ol' Pet gives jest as much milk as she will. 'Taint many cows can beat her."

With the last remark Mrs. Strange turned from the door and went about putting on the supper. She did not habitually look on the darker side of things. It was usually her husband who did that. She tried, though not always succeeding, to look on the bright side. But Mr. Strange had paid one hundred dollars of hard-earned money for the beautiful mouse-colored Jersey, and one hundred dollars was considered by his wife to be far too much to put into one cow.

But Alonzo Oft, whose farm joined Gideon's clear back to the timber, had purchased a fine Jersey the spring before and had talked so much about her among the neighbors that Gideon felt that he must own one also or be out-done in the matter of fine stock.

There was another reason, however. Mr. Oft and Mr. Strange had been close friends in boyhood and even up to the last ten years, but since then they had not spoken to each other.

They had quarreled at first about the hen eggs that were lain in the boundary hedge-rows, for the two houses were quite close together and the chickens run in one drove during the day, returning to their own respective roosts at night. Then Mr. Oft's splendid Durham gentleman had broken through the line and when Joe Strange went to drive him back he attacked him. His father came to his rescue with the first weapon in sight, a pitchfork, with which he managed to get the animal back into its pasture where without any apparent reason it fell over and died.

Mr. Oft, coming at the same moment to see what was the matter, saw the animal fall and, of course, thought it must have been hurt in some way. A terrible quarrel ensued in which each called the other dreadful, ungodly names and with terrible oaths parted, each vowing that he would never speak to the other again on earth. And each had tried to outdo the other ever

since, the Jersey cows being the last effort of any consequence.

Gideon followed his wife into the kitchen and held his hands over the fire to warm them before going to milk, for it was November.

"The pork's most gone, Gideon," Mrs. Strange said as she cut a few slices of ham and put them on to fry. "You'd better kill ter-morrow. The cold snap might go over an' then you couldn't til we'd be out."

"Yes, mother, you'r about right. Joe an' me'll kill that fattest hog ter-morrow," Gideon replied as he took up the milk pails and started for the cow-yard. On the way he met his son Joe and handing over one of the pails the two went on together.

"I think," Gideon said after supper as he sat smoking his pipe in his favorite rocker before the glowing grate, "that ol' Oft'll be powerful mad this time an' no mistake," and he chuckled good humoredly as he thought how skilfully he had over-reached his enemy. Shortly he knocked the ashes from his pipe which he continued to hold idly in one hand while he sat thoughtfully stroking his straggling grey beard and gazing into the fire. At nine o'clock he arose, put his pipe away in its accustomed place on the mantel and went to bed.

Early the next morning he was out among the barnyard people feeding and watering and attending to their wants. Joe, who was not a very early riser, came out in time to help milk, bringing the pails along, and with a feeling of great satisfaction Gideon sat down to milk.

"She's give a fine mess this time, Matildy," he called to his wife who was putting the sitting-room to rights when he came in with the milk. "Most a pailful. Yellow as butter, too! Ol' Pet can't hold a candle to her!" and he scanned the two cows' milks critically as they stood in separate pails on the buttery table.

"Now, father," Mrs. Strange said, coming to attend to it, "I'm afraid you're most demented over that cow, though I don't deny but that she's

nice enough. This last night's milk has a purtty thick cream on it, but mebbly it's somethin' she's been fed that makes it so. Wait' till we've tested her awhile afore yo' rare about her."

"Now, mother, but I can a'ford to wait. You'll come over in a day or two. I know you've got to test everything first. I aint lived with yo' twenty years not to know that, but somehow I'm anxious fur yo' to hurry this time," and he laughed good naturedly.

Mrs. Strange laughed, too, and set the milk a-way for the cream to rise.

Gideon put on the boiler filled with water to heat before they sat down to breakfast and by the time they had satisfied their hunger it was almost hot enough to scald the hog.

"Come now, Joe, look alive," Gideon remarked as he finished his breakfast and pushed back his chair, "I want to git done with the hog in time to go to town this afternoon."

He donned a ragged old blouse and over-hauls to keep from getting his other clothes dirty and went out, followed soon after by Joe who had followed his father's example in the matter of changing clothes.

In a short time they came hurrying in for the water which Mrs. Strange had brought up to the boiling point on the kitchen range.

Gideon and his son worked quickly and by noon the hog was killed, quartered and hung up to cool in the gangway of the great corn crib through which the wind whistled fiercely.

After the noon repast they took it down, although it was scarcely cooled enough yet, and cut it up, and while Gideon hurriedly stripped the fat from the entrails and gathered the pieces of lean meat for sausage, Joe cut the lard into squares suitable to fry out. When this was finished Joe hitched up the old roan and white, Gideon's favorite driving team, and he and his father drove off, the old man to see about marketing the turkeys for Thanksgiving and the young one to enjoy the outing in the gay city.

"Gideon," called Mrs. Strange

from the back porch, as her husband drove out of the gate, "Gideon, see about them roosters, too. There's about a dozen, countin' the one-eyed one an' the one that's lame."

"Alright," came the answer back and then Mrs. Strange turned and went back into the house where she put a couple of pots of the fat over the fire to fry out. All afternoon she stirred and strained and put on fresh potfuls of the lard until her old back ached and her rheumatic limb all but gave out entirely.

At sundown Gideon and Joe drove into the yard. Gideon helped put away the team and then came in to warm before going to milk, leaving Joe to finish the barn chores alone.

"It's turned purty cold, Matildy," he said cheerfully as he stood holding his bony hands to the fire. But it'll be all the better fur the turkey trade. I can get ten cents a pound fur 'em alive ter-morrow, an' the chickens is worth six cents at the same time. I promised to bring 'em down.

"That's better'n we got last Thanks-givin'," Mrs. Strange remarked as she took off the last pot of lard and turned it into the lard barrel.

"Guess I won't change," Gideon continued, changing the subject, "It's so cold. Git me an ol' apron, mother."

Mrs. Strange set the pot into the sink and brought a large gingham apron which she pinned securely about Gideon's ample waist to keep the milk from splashing on his clothes. "There now," she said as he took up the pails and started, "don't tear it on the hedge, er nails, er anything. It's my newest one."

"Guess I'll be able to git back with it," was his not over pleasant rejoinder as he went out.

By and bye Joe came in. He warmed himself at the fire and related bits of gossip to his mother. Many of the neighbors had been in town and as Joe was a favorite among them he had been able to gather most of the news about the neighborhood. A half hour passed in this way. Then a pause came in the conversation and Joe sat

thoughtfully staring into the fire while his mother took up the victuals and set them on the range shelf to keep warm.

"Seems to me your father's awful late to-night, Joe," she said after awhile. "You'd better go'n see what's come of him."

Joe got up to go, but just then steps were heard, the door opened and Gideon came in. He brought about half the usual quantity of milk and looked as if he could bite a spike nail in two. His wife noticed that he was not in a very pleasant frame of mind.

"Did the cows kick, father?" she asked in a mollifying tone as she got out the strainer and pans.

"No!" Gideon roared, beginning to walk in a frenzied way up and down the kitchen floor. "No, they didn't!" Then he added with a quaver in his voice, "I didn't find the Jersey. I'll make that ol' Oft pay fur this," he went on fiercely. "I'll put him behind the bars, sure's I'm Gideon Strange! I'll larn him how to act!" and he swore several blood-curdling oaths.

"Gideon, Gideon, an' you a church member?" gasped his wife, sinking into a chair by the table.

"It's no use, Matildy," he replied defiantly. "I can't be a Christian with that ol' Oft fur a neighbor. I can't an' there's an' end of it!"

Mrs. Strange threw her apron over her head and wept silently for some time until her grief at her husband's awful conduct was somewhat spent. Then she arose and put the supper on the table. There was a pained look on her lean, wrinkled face, a set look about the mouth which Gideon didn't like. He was still walking furiously up and down the room. Each time as he passed her he glanced furtively into her face, and each time his own face took on, if possible, a harder look.

He knew his conduct was uncalled for, even if the Jersey had really been done away with by Mr. Oft, and he did not know for certain what had become of her. Yet, he would not let a softer feeling come into his heart.

Mrs. Strange sat down and poured

the tea without a word. Then she went to eating her supper. Joe soon joined her, glancing inquiringly at his father as he did so.

Gideon did not see it however, but he did not join his family at the table. He turned abruptly in his walk and went out doors, slamming the door behind him. He was gone sometime and when he came back he brought in the sausage meat which he set down on a chair. He went on through the kitchen and up to the storeroom and got the grinder.

When he came back with it he rested each end of it on a chair seat and scalded it in the peculiar fashion of a man—the usual fashion of a man doing woman's work.

He did not look toward the supper table even when his wife in a constrained voice asked him to come and have his supper.

"I ain't hungry," he answered gruffly and commenced to grind the sausage.

Mrs. Strange cleared away the things. She knew it was no use to urge him to eat, nor was it any use to tell him what she thought about the cow. He never listened to her opinions unless he was in a good humor, which he certainly was not now, so she had learned to say nothing at such times. Yet, she could not think that Lon Oft had had anything to do with the cow.

After Gideon had finished cutting the sausage he went out for the second time to see if the Jersey had not at last come up to the gate to be let into the yard with the rest of the herd.

She was not there, though. It was queer, mighty queer, he thought as he stood with his arms resting on the top bar of the gate, peering out over the pasture and away toward the gate leading into the cornstalks, which was barely visible in the dim moonlight. He had wandered half over the fields and called, "Soo, boss, soo boss," when he brought up the rest of the stock. Old Oft had done something with her. This was as plain as the nose on his face, and every one knew that was plain, for it was large and crooked and had a wart one side. He

might easily have done it, for she had not yet become connected with the rest of the herd.

He clenched his fists as these thoughts passed through his mind, and turning from the gate went straight into the house and into his bed-chamber. In the morning he would set things right. Joe had already retired. Mrs. Strange, who had seasoned the sausage and set it away while he was out and was awaiting his return, hastily locked the door and followed him, for it was past the usual time for retiring.

Early the next morning the Strange family sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Strange and Joe looked uncomfortably solemn, but Gideon's countenance was hard and unyielding. Her lips were drawn into a thin line, a bright spot burned in either wrinkled cheek, and his eyes flashed ominously. No one spoke. The deep silence and the click of the knives and forks against the plates seemed to worry Joe, for he fidgeted in his chair and ate very fast.

Suddenly a thunderous rap was heard at the door. Mrs. Strange jumped nervously, but Gideon got up deliberately and opened the door.

There were no friendly greetings, but the voice of Alonzo Oft was heard in angry tones.

"I want to know what you've done with my Jersey cow?" he demanded. "An' if yo' don't tell me purty quick I'll have the law on yo'! I'll show yo' a thing er two!"

"You'll have the law on me, will yo'?" screamed Gideon, quivering in his anger. "Yo' will!" And he strode quickly through the doorway and grasped Mr. Oft by the hair. "You'll steal my cow an' then come to my house an' talk like that. I'll thrash the ground with yo' yo' ol' thievin' villain!" And he bent old Lon like a weed in the wind in his rage. He pulled his hair and blacked his eyes and sat upon him, screaming about law at intervals when he got breath enough.

Mr. Oft was so taken aback by

Gideon's frenzied attack that he was unable to defend himself. He could hardly breathe he was so twisted about, and he was glad to escape to his own yard, taking advantage of Gideon's first pause to rest to do so.

From this vantage ground he called names and shook his fists, and threatened, until his wife came running bareheaded and taking his arm gently but firmly drew him away into his own house.

Gideon shook with anger when he came in. He was fairly purple in the face. But he did not forget the business of the day. After a few moments' rest he took some binder twine and went out to the hen house.

Joe and Mrs. Strange followed and helped him to tie up the fowls which were to be marketed that day. Then Joe hitched up and helped his father to put the fowls into the wagon.

When they were all in Gideon started to get into the seat, but a thought seemed to strike him for he got down again.

"Climb in," he said shortly, as Joe turned to him for further orders. "Take 'em to Shuler's an' git a due-bill fur 'em." Then he went toward the fields and Joe drove off.

In the lower corner of the field, over against the timber, there was a piece of waste land. The creek run sharply out of the timber at this place and curved as sharply in again, leaving an acre of ground about equally divided in the corner of the two men's fields. It was over-grown with hazel-brush, some tall trees, and a few saplings, and it was almost impossible for an animal to reach it on account of the steep banks and the treacherous springiness of the bed of the creek. But Gideon thought the cow might possibly have got over there.

He was going there now and he strode along swiftly.

He had not thought of this place last night. He might never have thought it if Mr. Oft had not come over. But the fact that his cow, too, was missing had set him to thinking. His anger had somewhat cooled and he felt a

little ashamed of himself as he went along.

Suppose the cow was safe after all? What a jack he had made of himself! "But then," he thought by way of self-excuse, "he was provokin'. He had come over fur a fight an' he had gut what he wanted."

By this time he had almost reached the creek. In a moment he had a clear view of the banks and surely there was a cawing just in front of him, and there were cattle tracks, too.

Yes, it was all too true. The bank was considerably crumbled, and as he came up he caught a glimpse of his precious cow just below, mired down into the springy bottom of the creek with the water rippling over her nostrils and about her body.

He caught his breath, then stood breathing hard and looking down on his blighted hopes.

"Gideon," came a voice from the

hazel brush across the fence, "Gideon, I guess we was ruther hasty a while back."

Gideon looked up, drew nearer the fence, and seeing no one glanced down into the creek on that side. There surely was old Oft's cow mired into a similar treacherous place. When he looked away Mr. Oft stood by his side leaning on the fence between them.

"Looks 's 'f Providence was agin' us," he remarked grimly, as Gideon turned toward him.

"Yes," conceded Gideon reluctantly.

"Hadn't we better be friends again?"

Lon continued after a long pause.

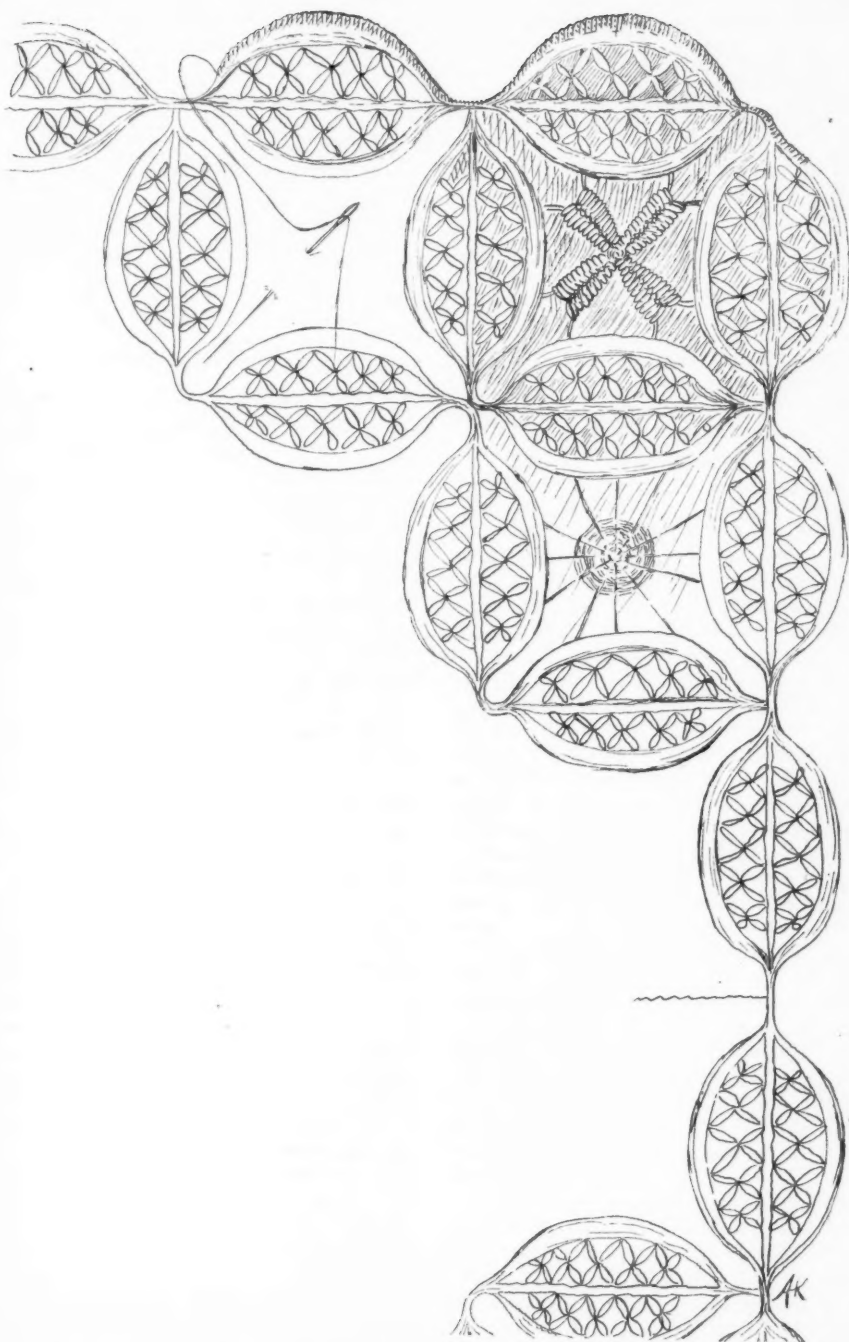
"I guess mebby we had," Gideon replied, and he extended his work-hardened old hand, which was immediately grasped in a tight clasp. A relieved look passed over both old faces, and a half hour later the two appeared near their homes walking slowly along the division hedge in a deep and friendly conversation.



DÉVOTE.

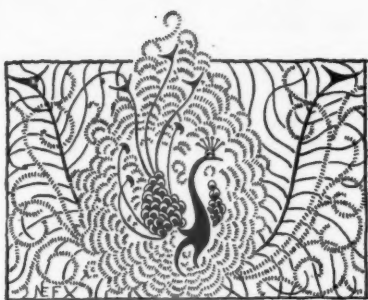
ELIZABETH H. TOBEY.

TOUCHED with a dulcet harmony
 Devotion breathes its spell,
 And though unspoken, some lustrous token
 Shines deep to soul's responsive well
 Of sure, reflective sympathy:
 The silent Night, long grieving o'er no power
 To win the Day.
 With early light, at dim fresh matin hour,
 As lover may,
 Brought jewels flawless, true,
 And lavish flung them, where she, rosy, slept,
 Bidding the birds acquaint her how he wept;
 And now his homage all the flowers renewed,
 Gemmed with his tears, the dew!



CORNER OF CENTER PIECE IN HONITON BRAID and WHITE LINEN

DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 473.



FASHION AND NEEDLEWORK

Edited by Marion Alcott Prentice.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

THE chief characteristics of today's fashions are voluminous skirts and sleeves. It is difficult to conceive the idea that these can be enlarged; nevertheless they are still increasing in size. "Bodices are full, sleeves fuller, and skirts are fullest."

Fortunately the skirts are perfectly plain in their fulness, otherwise I do not know how we should be able to wear them. No draperies of any kind are worn over them, though for evening, rich embroideries in beads, span-gles, etc., are seen on skirts of the richer materials.

The latest novelties in skirts show an excessive width at the lower edge, which is sometimes seven or eight yards wide, and fits the figure perfectly flat at the waist. Silk skirts are not quite so wide, and are generally about five and a half yards around; the latter which are much admired for the evening have small peplus tunics of soft silk muslin. Tailor skirts, most suitable for out-of-doors, are cut about four yards wide, and will be welcome to those who wish for a moderate sized skirt in which to walk with ease.

Bodices are varied in their fulness, and sleeves also are as varied as they are immense. They are a "study," as the French say, being looped, twisted, and be-ribboned and pinned in all directions.

The sleeves of dresses for little girls have been borrowed to some extent from those of their elders, and little maidens of five or six years wear

puffed, gigot, and even bishop sleeves of moderate size, draped very slightly.

There is also a great variety in the cut of low-neck dresses, some being cut square, some round, and some in mediæval style.

Every lady may select the style which best suits her "neck," age, and position in society. Some necks, for instance, look very ugly, if only slightly *décollete*, whereas they would gain in appearance if boldly *décollete* both back and front. Bretelles are generally becoming to all slight figures.

A small item worth mentioning for those who are getting tired of the superb, complicated, and super-abundant necklets and collarettes so long in vogue, is that plain collars made of a length of plain silk or velvet ribbon agreeing with the girdle, if one is worn, put round the neck and tied in a large bow at the back, are always in good taste.

The present mixture of colors is very original. Sometimes three colors are seen on one dress. For instance, with a black velvet skirt a cream-colored satin with orange-colored velvet sleeves may be worn. Or the bodice may be of chiffon, and the sleeves of satin. Chiffon bodices, with satin sleeves, are greatly worn at the theatre, and for dinner.

As regards shoulder coverings, there are capes, jackets, and redingotes. The capes are very long, *à la Talma*. Capes, jackets, and redingotes are made of cloth or velvet, especially velvet. They are trimmed with embroidery, lace, or embroidered *appliqué*, as *appliqué* velvet on cloth, satin or silk.

Old guipure lace is also much used to trim capes, redingotes, etc.

Embossed velvet in all colors is also much employed for separate bodices.

a velvet strap placed here and there amongst the lace-folds.

Perforated and open embroidery stuffs have found their way into the



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

For evening the lightest and softest colors are worn, and they are elaborately trimmed with white lace. So much so, indeed, that the bodice looks as if it were made entirely of lace, with

ballroom, and silk gauzes and muslins have a magnificent effect mounted on bright Liberty silk. Such tissues appear in all colors, but are especially admired in black and white with flounce

to answer. Ivory-white Mechlin net, and guipure lace stuffs are also extremely pretty for such arrangements, as they veil the fashionable bright shades of orange, cherry-red and lavender-blue gracefully.

White silk chiffon over a colored silk bodice is very popular for young girls who have not absolutely made their *début*. Nothing makes freshness more fair and more attractive. There is such an "in-the-bud" aspect about it which suggests, but only suggests, expansion. If only we could stop at the suggestion, what throes we should be saved, what anxieties about staybones, what relief from self-denying *regimes* regarding butter and sugar and cream and fluids.

Bright leather-colored laces are more admired than butter-yellow ones, and Eiffel points have made way for turret laces with square edges. Single lace shapes and scallop edges of lace, put on here and there, continue to form ornamentations for toilettes for grand occasions, which are made lately of mirror moiré with large watered stripes, moiré velvet, grosgrain, and moiré brocade.

Stockings are simply enchanting. In spun or pure silk they are shot through with veins of color to correspond with dresses of all kinds. Loud hose speaks the coarse mind, but these dainty scintillations of brightness, without attracting, succeed in charming the eye. Aggressive patterns—stars, clocks and stripes—are still to be seen in the shops, but anyone who respects the delicacy of the ankle will avoid disfigurements that can be avoided now that the new shot silk device gives us grace and simplicity combined.

Painted satin dresses are the latest



FIG. 3.

fad, and are making quite a sensation. It is a celebrated lady painter who has set this fashion—a very clever idea, and one which will make many a poor artist happy, for here is a field for all to ply the brush. A painted satin dress will sell more easily than a painted canvas. The creatrix of this fashion was the admiration of all lately when she wore a pearl-white satin covered with baskets of flowers and knots, *à la* Watteau. The bodice was trimmed with old lace, and the sleeves were also of old lace.

Ribbons are also painted in this same style for shoulder bows, sashes, etc.

Straps and bretelle trimmings of various kinds give the fashionable and required *chic* to low evening bodices, and a flat shoulder cap and epaulette



FIG. 4.

of passementerie or lace, heads the puffed sleeves which begin very low on the shoulder; this is sometimes changed for a gathered or flat band of velvet, spangled tulle, gauze and the like, which joins the square cut front and back of the bodice.

Blouses have determined to stay with us for some time to come, and constant variations are brought out for evening wear. The prettiest blouses for the theatre and small dinner parties are made of lace draped over a silk waistband and with draped silk bretelles coming from the shoulders.

Young ladies may adopt such a blouse with good success as it is cut rather low, without collar at the neck.

The fancy waist of chiffon is going

out of fashion. It became too popular to suit the more fastidious women. The latest waists for theatre wear and informal occasions are made of fancy silk with a deep, lace collar and cuffs as the trimming. The pompadour silks, with their scattering of indistinct blossoms, are most in favor for this purpose.

They are made quite simply, with the exception of the sleeve, which is as wonderful a creation as the modiste's skill can produce. Frequently these waists have an accordion-plaited front of chiffon, with pompadour silk sleeves. The huge butterfly sleeve is one of the prettiest models of the season, particularly when the wings are caught together just above the elbow by a gay little butterfly bow of velvet.

On large hats, figured net, especially in black, is now the most worn. It is long, and tied at the back, the ends being long enough to fall over the neck.

For capotes, the chenille veil is all the rage. It is elegant and becoming at the same time. Large net-work veils are still more becoming. They give an extraordinary brilliancy to the complexion. They are very expensive, unfortunately, and the thicker its dots the more expensive they are. Very thickly placed dots, however, are not so becoming as rarer dots, and they are injurious to the eyes.

All veils should be slightly full over the face and reach only to the chin.

WASH FABRICS.

With summer days so near, the mind of the practical woman turns from silk and wools to the more serviceable wash fabrics which are so lavishly in evi-

dence, and even the most fastidious cannot fail to find something to please her.

For every day service there is a vast number of inexpensive goods such as percales, lawns, cambrics, dimity, gingham, seersucker, batiste, nainsook, etc. Zephyrs make attractive dresses and by the judicious use of ribbon and lace will be quite handsome enough for country festivities. Dresses subjected to hard wear should be trimmed with fine strong linen lace and embroideries.

The new zephyrs are lovely; one sample has a white ground with very fine pale green and lavender stripes; another has a pale blue ground striped at intervals of half an inch with a slightly corded white stripe.

The plaids are particularly fine in coloring, a dainty blue and bright rose plaid is rechecked by hair lines of dark blue and white, with finely broken bars of black. This pattern would make up charmingly for misses' costumes.

The clear chocolates and white plaids are especially fine and much admired by ladies; finely checked and solid colored zephyrs are employed for small children's dresses, waists, aprons, etc.

Swiss skirting dotted and embroidered and having hem-stitched hem at the bottom, and embroidered Swiss for the waists are shown among the new goods. Some of the newer patterns of Swiss have silk stripes, wave lines and dots, and the most bewitching blossoms printed as though thrown with a careless hand over the ground.

Linen batistes in unbleached hues also have delicately embroidered silk dots, stripes, etc., while other patterns have airy lace-like stripes.

OUTING SUITS.

Outing suits made by the leading city houses are very *chic* this spring.

Tweed, Scotch checks, cheviots and serges are the principal fabrics employed. Plain skirts are the rule and the secret of their success is owing to the perfect cut and making, and cor-



FIG. 5.

rect material being used in their construction.

Jackets, both long and short, are in vogue, some are double-breasted,

pressly designed for an all-round shopping, traveling and outing suit, is made of mixed brown and green suiting. It has a five gored skirt, finished



FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

others are fastened by a single button at the waist line, another by a short strap above the bust, while still another is cut away like an Eton jacket in front with long basque backs.

One stylish model, which is ex-

with two rows of machine stitching five inches from the bottom edge.

The double-breasted coat basque is closed from the bust to the waist-line by means of four large pearl buttons.

The finely shaped lapels meet the

rolling collar in coat notches; the lower front corners of the basque are nicely rounded off, and a trifle below the waist-line the back and side-back gore-seams terminate in neat coat laps and plaits. Large leg-o'-mutton sleeves are adjusted by backward and forward turning plaits in the arm-eye and hang in soft folds to the elbows, below which the sleeves are fitted comfortably close to the arms.

A chemisette of brown and white striped percale, having a standing collar, is closed with three gold studs and accompanied by a soft tie of brown silk.

A hat of rough brown straw, trimmed simply with the brown and green shot ribbon, completes this useful costume.

To give variety and a more dressy air, a chemisette of cream and green silk with a crush collar of brown velvet may be worn.

I also saw this same model developed in tweed of a rich, warm, grayish stone, without stitchery, with the lapels and rolling collar faced to within a half inch of the edges with silk. An immaculate white chemisette and white satin bow tie accompanied this costume.

Another excellent model has a jacket or blazer, which comes well below the hips, and the lapels roll gracefully back the entire length of the fronts, graduating as they near the bottom edges. The back and side portions fit the form closely and the center and side-back seams terminate in coat laps and plaits. The sleeves are fashionably large and finished by two rows of machine stitching, four inches from the edge; the edges of the jacket are also stitched. A vest of pique is worn under the jacket. Shirt waists made of figured lawn or percale, trimly belted with a leather or ribbon belt, makes a pleasing variation.

FASHIONS FOR MISSES AND CHILDREN.

How to cut misses and children's dresses is always an important subject in the household; of still greater importance is the need for simple dresses which can be quickly made and laundered. The majority of styles given in



FIG. 8.

this issue—see full page illustration—will develop well in either cotton, wool or silks, and by a little variation of garniture several pretty dresses may be made from the same model. For a girl of six to thirteen years No. 1 will prove most satisfactory cut from any of the seasonable cotton fabrics. The yoke and cuffs cut from all over embroidery and the full skirt and sleeves from dotted Swiss makes a charming summer dress. For morning wear it will develop nicely in checked zephyr and all-over embroidery. The jaunty cape pictured at No. 2 will make up prettily if cut from spring cloaking, lined with silk, machine stitched, with a collar of velvet.

A more dressy costume for a young girl is shown at No. 3, and will develop stylishly in fine checked suiting, plain silk and ribbon. Challie will make a charming dress. Cut the skirt, blouse and sleeves from the challie and the epaulettes and yoke facing from silk and edge with a band of ribbon.

For a miss's afternoon dress No. 4 is a pleasing model. Fine white lawn, embroidered insertion edging and ribbon are used in the present instance. Batiste, zephyr or Swiss will develop nicely in this mode. Another dressy model is shown at No. 5 and is de-



FIG. 9.

signed for silk and wool. An inexpensive but dainty dress can be made of cream white challie figured in pale blue, with blue ribbons to correspond in shade.

For morning use, the little gown shown at No. 6 may be made of zephyr, percale, lawn or cambric and the stylish pointed collar can be cut from a contrasting color or made of embroidery or fine torchon lace. Fine

lawn, with lace collar and ribbon rosettes will develop a dainty afternoon dress. No. 7 pictures a stylish dress; two fabrics are here associated and broad satin ribbon is used for rosettes and long sash ends. By inserting a smoothly fitted vest, in place of the shirred one represented, this model would serve for all manner of wash fabrics. Dainty simple gowns are shown at No. 8 and No. 9 which will commend themselves to all busy mothers. Broad embroidered edging, insertion and nainsook are here associated.

A little girl's wrapper is pictured at No. 10. Outing flannel, percale or zephyr will make a comfortable garment. If flannel is used fancy stitchery in twisted embroidery silk will provide dainty garniture, or embroidered insertion, bias bands of the cotton fabric, or linen stitchery may be employed.

A serviceable dress for shopping and traveling is pictured at No. 11. Tweed, cheviot or duck will prove satisfactory fabrics. The most appropriate garniture for a dress of this kind will be machine stitching. The trim sailor hat is decorated with ribbon and two quills.

HOW WOMEN SHOULD DRESS THEIR HAIR.

A well-known hair dresser gives the following hints as to how women should dress their hair. With other advice of interest and importance to women who study the latest and most becoming modes, he explains that "to wear the hair brushed right off the face demands a perfect forehead. If the forehead be very broad, the hair should be drawn tightly at the sides. If the back of the head be unduly developed, the hair should be slightly raised behind and dressed flatly. If the cheek



FIG. 10.

bones are too prominent, fluff out the hair. For a large face, dress the hair high and broad, never narrow on top, and a girl with a face of this description, and full, fat cheeks, should never wear a pointed fringe, which throws out and accentuates all her defects, increasing the heaviness of her natural appearance to the most unbecoming extent. For a very wide, well-shaped forehead the hair should be softly turned back in the centre and fringed on each temple. If the forehead be less good, the center piece may be waved and slightly puffed forward so as to improve its shape. A very hard and masculine face looks best perhaps with the hair cut short and curled. A girl with a pretty neck should, at least for the evening, dress her hair low in the back. A woman whose neck is short should give it length by having her locks combed or twisted straight up at the back and arranged as high on her head as possible.

ABOUT PERFUMES.

Opinions, as regards the use of perfumery, are indeed widely at variance. While one supposed authority declares scents to be inadmissible in good society, another oracle claims it to be indispensable, the result of such contradictions being, that the matter is mostly left to individual taste.

However, it is certain that only the best perfumes may be used in moderation, in society, so that but a mere whiff of its odor is noticeable.

Perfumes are distributed in the finest spray by means of a new flat bottle, made of springy-metal, yielding to a slight pressure of the hand to emit its almost dewy fragrance. The fashion of distributing scent in rooms has also given rise to the introduction of bottles of small pills, composed of lavender, smelling salts, lemon and violet essence, etc. These pills are either strewn about in open ornaments, or placed in a small fancy bottle, hanging uncorked in some favorite place.

Not to love sweet perfumes is not to



FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

love flowers; not to love flowers is not to love the most beautiful of Nature's works.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIG. 1. Costume of cloth cut Princess shape—it is stitched round the hem, and the bodice is cut very open in the front and filled in with full silk, down the center of which is a box pleat of the material. The bodice is cut to cross over on the right side, and two tab ends start from the waist on each side. Large square collar cut out in battlements and stitched round the edge. Gigot sleeves.

FIG. 2. Walking costume. Crépon skirt, cape over made of silk, and edged with passementerie. The front of the cape is formed of a deep frill of flounce lace finely pleated; the edge of this is finished with ribbon which hangs below the cape on each side, and is gathered to form a point at each end. At the top on each side of the front are large loops of ribbon forming one with the collar.

FIG. 3. Hat of brown chipped straw. Round the crown is a draped band of ribbon, which is made into loops, front

and back. In the front of the hat are arranged three brown ostrich feathers, and two or three reddish-brown flowers.

FIG. 4. Blouse of silk, satin sleeves. The upper part of blouse is finely pleated and trimmed with three bands of lace. Gigot sleeves also trimmed with lace. Draped band collar, made into a rosette on either side. Draped band of velvet round the waist, made into a large rosette on one side.

FIG. 5. Djelma hat and elegant bodice. The hat is of black straw, the under brim of which is lined with green velvet. Loops of ribbon to match are arranged in the front of the hat, on either side of which are cream and pink chrysanthemums. The elegant bodice is made in green shot surah; it is rather loose-fitting, the material being pleated into the collar and at the waist, round which is a draped band of green velvet, made into loops on either side, as also is the draped band collar. From either shoulder to the waist fall a trimming of jet. Full gigot sleeves of green velvet.

FIG. 6. Visiting costume of striped silk, shot blue and heliotrope. The skirt is cut on the cross at the back, and is trimmed on each side of the front with graduated folds of velvet, divided in the centre with a rosette. The bodice is veiled in the front with chiffon to form a vest, and on each side of this are bands of the velvet, finished with a small drapery and rosette of velvet at the waist. Folded collar of chiffon, with rosette of velvet on each side. Balloon sleeves of silk finished with a rosette at the elbows.

FIG. 7. Visiting toilette of cinnamon-colored fancy cloth. The skirt is edged with a narrow frill of yellow silk, and is trimmed down the right side nearly to the edge of skirt with a band of black velvet vandyked on one edge, with a button on each point. Bodice made with a vest of maize-colored cloth, with a double row of small buttons down the front, and band and buckle of gold. The bodice





FIG. 13.

falls in a point over the skirt on each side of the vest, and is finished with Vandyked revers to match skirt, and a Medicis collar. Balloon sleeves.

FIG. 8. Stylish mode of dressing the hair.

FIG. 9. Elegant dressing-gown, made in pink crépon, which at the back falls



FIG. 14.

in a double Watteau pleat, and is made tight-fitting over the hips. In the front the material falls in loose pleats. Shaped collar of guipure. High collar of material fastened in the front by a narrow band of velvet, each end of which is made into a rosette. Full sleeves, with turned-back cuffs edged with lace.

FIG. 10. Bonnet of black straw, ornamented at the back with a fan-shaped pleated piece of pink figured silk, from which the bonnet strings to match are brought. In the front are three rosettes, one black one between two pink ones, behind which is a black feather aigrette.

FIG. 11. Toque, the foundation of which consists of a three-cornered piece of silk covered with jet, edged round with a pleating of pale blue silk, which, in turn, is edged with a drapery of brown satin which is made into a ruche and fastened by a steel buckle here and there. At the back is a bow of brown satin and a fan-shaped piece of blue silk, and standing up *en aigrette*.

FIG. 12. Blouse made in nun's veiling for evening wear. The material is pleated, back and front, on to a circular guaged yoke; it is also pleated under a shaped waistband of material, covered with lace; below this the ma-

terial forms a pleated basque. Folded revers of material, edged with lace and ribbon bands. At the back the yoke is edged with square pieces of the material trimmed in a similar manner. Band collar, covered with lace. Sleeves full to the elbows, below which they are tight-fitting and covered with lace.

FIG. 13. Young lady's dress made in Swiss muslin. Yoke and cuffs of Swiss embroidery. Ribbon bow decoration.

FIG. 14. Evening bodice made in silk, which in the front is crossed over a vest



FIG. 15.



FIG. 16.

of lace finishing in two rosettes at the waist, round which is a band of silk. At the back the material is pleated down either side of the lace vest. Short, full sleeves of pompadour silk, with square epaulettes of lace.

FIG. 15. Costume of fancy tweed. Plain skirt, jacket bodice with open fronts and deep basque stitched round the edge, the fronts cut in points, turned down collar and revers. Gigot sleeves; vest and collar of silk.

FIG. 16. Bridal gown of rich white satin; the graceful skirt is made perfectly plain. The French waist is fitted smoothly on the back, vest of *mousseline de soie*, bretelles of guipure

lace. Lace and orange blossom garniture at neck and hands. Tulle veil.

FIG. 17. Costume worn by a bride's mother. This is made in heliotrope silk, trimmed down either side of the skirt in front with a graduated band of cream lace. The bodice material is made into a box pleat on either side of the fastening in front, the pleats being gathered to a point at the waist, round which is a narrow band of silk covered with lace. Deep collar of lace. The sleeves are made into two puffs above the elbows, below which they are tight-fitting and covered with lace.

FIG. 18. Cape for married ladies. Made in black cloth, yoke of black silk richly beaded. Yoke cut square at back, pelerine portion pleated on.

FIG. 19. Morning jacket of old rose cashmere, shirring across yoke and cuffs; edges of collar, bottom of jacket and frills of sleeves decorated with fancy stitchery in old rose-colored Roman floss.



FIG. 17.

FIG. 20. Dressing jacket of striped flannel, trimming of crocheted wool lace, cord and pompons at neck.

IDEAS FOR NEW CUSHIONS.

CUSHIONS of every description have become such a fad—and a most delightful one too—that a room furnished without them seems singularly bare and unhomelike. For the sake of having a quantity of these luxuries it is necessary to spend every spare moment plying the needle evolving elaborate embroideries, and then consume the rest of the time watching those precious pieces of handiwork for fear some careless grimy little finger will leave tell tale marks, or some thoughtless man will lay his weary head on this or that love of a cushion, whose only mission on earth seems to be to keep the male portion of the household in an unsettled frame of mind as to their utility.

Now with summer so near and the demand for restful surroundings so important, let the housewife provide as many pretty cushions as she has need for, but do be sensible about it, and not exhaust nerve forces in unnecessary labor on too elaborate covers.

Those simply made which can be freely used by every member of the family, and a few with pretty linen or art muslin covers which will launder, if occasion requires, will yield a vast amount of comfort during the hot summer days. The unique cushion illustrated at Fig. 26 will appeal to the busy woman, and if it is too simple for the women with plenty of leisure she may elaborate the idea and evolve a most gorgeous and artistic creation from the following hints. To make a cushion cover as pictured requires one and one-fourth yards of material thirty inches wide; the material is simply sewed up on the side and end, thus making a long slender bag into which is slipped a feather pillow fourteen and one-half inches wide by thirty-six inches long. The bolster-like pillow must not be too full;



FIG. 18.

the strong ticking case filled two-thirds or a trifle more of feathers will be sufficient. The raw ends of the cover are then neatly blind-stitched together, and then the feathers are shook down into the ends. Round the center of the pillow is tightly tied a cord or ribbon of harmonious hue, the four ends are tied or knotted into "ears" as represented and it is ready to hang over an easy chair.

For veranda chairs as a head or



FIG. 19.

back rest, few cushions combine so many good points—quickly made, easy to keep clean and fresh, and procurable at such a trifling cost. Any of the pretty art muslins, denim or silks may be used for the cushion cover. For the ambitious woman of leisure, let her choose a piece of dull blue brocade and outline the principal parts of the figures in black Roman floss and the lighter portions in gold Japanese threads. Tie the center with a heavy cord crocheted of dull blue and black knitting or crochet silks.

For a man's "den" a cushion of this style made of terra-cotta colored brocade, with figures outlined in black Roman floss and tucked up here and there with gold threads and a lighter shade of terra-cotta silk would be charming.

An attractive square cushion is illustrated at figure 25. It is made of dull reddish brown plantation cloth and the conventional flower forms are embroidered in long and short stitch in shades of mahogany colored Asiatic

rope silk, and the centres are composed of a dozen or more French knots, in shades of red-brown, green and gold.

The Jap-like wave lines are formed by couching on—with fine green sewing silk—a strand of gold thread and one of dull green twisted embroidery silk.

A STORE OF "BEST" LINEN.

A GREAT many mistaken housewives are under the impression that it is a mark of vulgarity to have "best" things. They say proudly, and quite rightly, for that matter, that nothing is too good for their own people. Nevertheless, it is not true that a warm liking for the comfort of one's own household is incompatible with keeping a certain set of sheets, pillow-cases, and towels for the spare room. Every woman of housewifely instincts has a natural desire to keep as large a supply as possible of spare linen, and it is only common sense to want to save that which is most worth saving. So that a supply of "best" linen does not necessarily imply that the family's usual supply is poor.



FIG. 20.

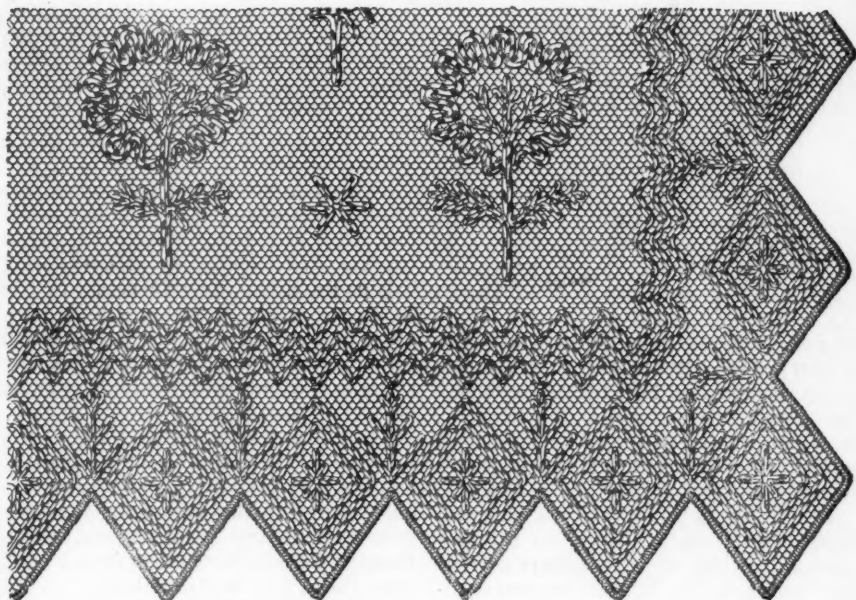


FIG. 21.

The "best" sheets and pillow-cases should be of linen. Linen is deliciously smooth to lie upon, though there are some people who much prefer cotton. The upper sheet should have the initial of the owner embroidered just beneath the upper hem in the center, so that when the sheet is folded down, the initial shows. The pillow-cases should be similarly marked.

All sorts of towels—hemmed, fringed and bordered, damask and huckaback—are used, but the best for general wear are hemstitched ones of white huckaback. Fringe grows "stringy" and knotted. Gay-colored borders have an unpleasant habit of fading. But white, hemstitched towels wear out evenly, which is a great consideration with thrifty housewives. If any with colored borders are bought, they should be embroidered with the owner's initials in the same color. White monograms, done in heavy marking linen, are best

for the ordinary white towels.

There are high art movements in the manufacture of table-linen as in other things. Mr. Walter Crane and other authorities on the æsthetic have been consulted, with the result that new designs—classical and grotesque—are being woven in napery, so as to make the covering of dinner-tables "things of joy for ever." Nothing is more exquisite, more conducive to appetite and to comfort, than snowy damask of best quality, relieved by sheeny tracer-

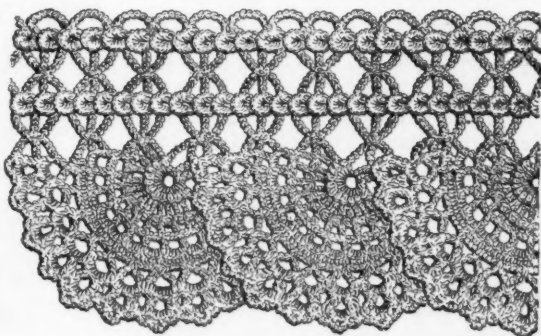


FIG. 22.

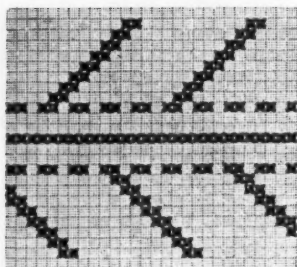


FIG. 23.

ies and satiny outlines, and I shall not be sorry when, by reason of boldly relieved designs and lace transparencies, the present superimposed table-centers are done away with and tablecloths, perfect in themselves, reign in unadorned beauty.

The embroidering of initials has become an easy matter owing to the invention of white skeleton letters in any size, which can be laid on the material to be decorated, and sewn over and over with embroidery silk. There is no longer the risk attendant on ironing "transfers," or waste of time in padding the initial till pulpy enough to receive its final silk casing. For people who find it necessary to present hand-made gifts, these are most valuable. By necessary I mean that there are many persons of small means who would make themselves ridiculous by showering bought goods on richer friends, and there are also young girls who have no other chance of making gifts valuable to men friends.

Cross stitch patterns always seem to command a certain amount of popularity as they are so useful in the decoration of linen toilet covers, apron borders, etc.

Two fine designs for cross stitch borders are given at Fig. 23 and Fig. 24.

A YOUNG GIRL'S ROOM.

SHOW me a young girl's wardrobe, boxes, and cupboards, and I will tell you the sort of housekeeper she will make," said an elderly woman not long since. She need not have

gone so far as the boxes and cupboards, for the appearance of the girl's room would tell the story, and give perhaps a stronger clue to the character of its occupant than a profound study of the lines in her hand or the style of handwriting she affects.

There is more or less sentiment pertaining to a young girl's room. It is her little kingdom, where she reigns supreme, her refuge from everything except thought; the one room in the house where she may revel in the various adornments which mean so much to her, and so little to the rest of the family; the one room where she alone is responsible for order and neatness.

Let the furniture be the most costly and luxurious that can be purchased, or consist only of the most meagre requirements of the bedroom, the owner's individuality is there, and something of her character is stamped upon what those four walls enclose.

Little screws of hair combings left on the dressing-table, burnt matches on the pretty mantel-border, and a litter of papers about the grate are suggestive of something more than untidiness—a want of appreciation of the artistic fitness of things that cannot be counterbalanced by any talent for music, painting, or sculpture.

Primness and right angles, with methodical arrangements that purposely exclude dainty touches here and there, are no more to be desired than untidiness and disorder. The one is as sure to lack the elements that go to the making of a true home as the other; but the girl who can make her room

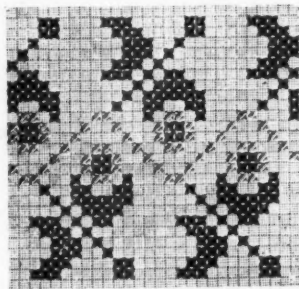


FIG. 24.



FIG. 25.

expressive of a harmony in her life, which recognizes that order and neatness must go hand-in-hand with artistic grace and beauty, will have invested it with a charm which is not dependent upon the actual furniture and fittings.

DESIGN FOR DARNING ON NET.

The net used for this purpose is a soft cotton net; the work may be executed with knitting cotton or with soft silk. The design is first traced on paper, the sprays being repeated at regular intervals, and alternating between those of the previous row. The net is then tacked on the paper rather closely to prevent shifting, and the pattern is worked by darning in and out of the net. A fine Berlin wool needle is the best kind to use. Darned net may be used for summer curtains, bed-spreads, and other purposes.

A USEFUL SCREEN.

Screens of all sorts are in too general use to require commendation at this late day, but a new and useful one that has just appeared deserves special mention, nevertheless.

It is twofold. Its foundation is only

a simple pine frame, but it is so handled and contrived that it makes a complete work table and keeps all the sewing paraphernalia in perfect order, ready at demand. The frames are covered with cretonne. Each one is divided midway by a strip of the wood so as to form two panels. To one of these strips is screwed fast a shelf, with brass hinges and movable supports. This when lowered occupies no space, and when raised makes a perfect table.

To one panel is attached a wide, big bag for the larger pieces of work. To another is what is really only a variation of a store bag, but which keeps intact a host of smaller things. To one side of the panel is tacked fast an ample cushion. At the centre hang scissors, dependent from a ribbon of generous length. To the fourth and last panel are attached small pockets for silks and threads. Altogether the arrangement is most complete and perfectly economizes space. The reverse side of the screen is covered with some handsome decorative material, and it

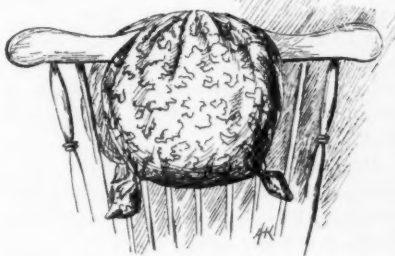


FIG. 26.

can so serve either its legitimate use as a screen or its peculiar use as a work table at the owner's will.

Unlike many objects contrived to serve two uses, it can be trusted to do

both equally well. Indeed, as one dweller in a small apartment says, it does both at the same time. She opens hers, places her small sewing chair within the fold, and is so protected from draught, while she sews under the most convenient possible conditions.

Gold embroidery holds a very prominent place this season. In many of the best designs the pattern is in gold thread solely; in others, where colored floss silks are used, gold threads are freely intermingled. In the former case, the silk grounds are single-colored. Favorite combinations are gold and white, gold and yellow, gold and blue, gold and crimson. Of these, the light Japanese silks, with gold outline embroidery, are likely to be the popular favorites, because they are now offered at unprecedentedly low prices, and give a great deal of show for the money—qualities that especially commend them.

LACE IN CROCHET.

Make a chain of 20 stitches, work back on it. 7 treble in the 1st stitch, 4 chain, 1 double in 6th, 4 chain, 7 treble in 11th, 4 chain, 1 double in 15th, 4 chain, 1 treble in 19th, ring of 9, 1 treble in 20th, turn.

2nd row: 11 treble in ring, 9 chain, 7 treble in 4th of last 7 treble, 9 chain, 7 treble in last 7, 5 chain, turn.

3rd row: 7 treble 4 chain, 1 double in 5th of 9 chain, 4 chain, 7 treble, 4 chain, 1 double in 9 chain, 4 chain, 11 treble, divided by 1 chain, on 11 treble of last row, turn.

4th row: 11 treble divided by 2 chain, 4 chain, 1 double on double, 4 chain, 7 treble, 4 chain, 1 double, 4 chain, 7 treble, 5 chain, turn.

5th row: 7 treble, 9 chain, 7 treble, 9 chain, 3 double in each 2 chain, turn.

6th row: 30 double, 4 chain, 1 double in 9 chain, 4 chain, 7 treble, 4 chain, 1 double in 9 chain, 4 chain, 7, 1 treble, 5 chain, turn.

7th row: 7 treble, 4 chain, 1 double, 4 chain, 7 treble, 4 chain, 1 double, 4

chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 12 times, missing 2, turn.

8th row: 4 double in each 2 chain, 9 chain, 7 treble, 9 chain, 7 treble, 5 chain, turn.

9th row: 7 treble, 4 chain, 1 double, 4 chain, 7 treble, 4 chain, 1 double, 4 chain, 2 treble divided by 3 chain, miss 3, 12 times, turn.

10th row: 4 double in 1st 3 chain, 1 double between trebles, 5 treble in next, 3 chain, 1 double between 4 double in next 3, 1 double between trebles, repeat this 3 times; 4 chain, 1 double, 4 chain, 7 treble, 4 chain, 1 double, 4 chain, 7 treble, 5 chain, turn and repeat from 1st row.

In working the 2nd and succeeding scallops, each row of the scallop should be attached to the under part of the preceding scallop as worked.

See Fig. 22.

CLOVER LEAF INSERTION.

Cast on 13 stitches, knit across plain, once,

1. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over, knit 2.

2. Slip 1, knit 12.

3. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over, knit 2.

4. Slip 1, knit 5, seam 1, knit 6.

5. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, over twice, narrow three times, over, knit 2.

6. Slip 1, knit 6, seam 1, knit 5.

7. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over, knit 2.

8. Slip 1, knit 5, seam 1, knit 6.

Repeat from 1st row.

STYLES FROM PARIS.

(See colored frontispiece).

FIG. 1. Visiting dress made in silk. The skirt is cut very full round the bottom, and must be lined to keep it stiff. The bottom is striped with bands of insertion to form a flounce, with one band as a heading, and two more above. The bodice is made with a corselet of lace gathered down the

centre of front, and two bands of insertion above it. Balloon sleeves gathered in the center, from the shoulder to the bend of the arm with two bands of insertion round the cuffs. Round collar, edged with a frill of lace.

FIG. 2. Walking costume, made in soft cloth. The skirt is cut very full round the bottom and stitched round the hem; on each side of the front width it is trimmed with five graduated straps with a button on each. Round bodice, full at the waist back, and front, with a band and buckle to finish. There are bretelles over the shoulders, which are kept in place by three straps similar to those on the skirt. Balloon sleeves, trimmed with straps.

FIG. 3. Visiting dress of dark green cloth trimmed with *écru* cloth. Round bodice slightly pointed in front, bretelles of the *écru* cloth, crush collar of *écru* silk, with rosettes of violets at each side. Balloon sleeves. Circular skirt, with three godets at the back.

A CHARMING TEA CLOTH.

M. A. P.

LAST month a brief mention was made of the novel black and white embroideries; and since then I have seen so many unique bits of this style of needlework—and it is becoming so popular—that the progressive woman will want to know more about it. I will describe a new tea or lunch cloth which was most charming.

It was of fine white linen finished round the edges with a hemstitched hem two and one-half inches wide.

Across the cloth was embroidered a flight of gay butterflies, and so artistically were they disposed that one could almost fancy a flower garden in the distance to which they were wending their way. There was several great rich golden-brown butterflies with

wings delicately penciled with black and white, then a group of dainty little ones of a pale creamy golden hue, with touches of black royal blue, and old red; silvery gray butterflies with dots and dashes of gold, old dull rose and black and lastly a number of the large black butterflies marked with gold, silver and blue, which are familiar to us all.

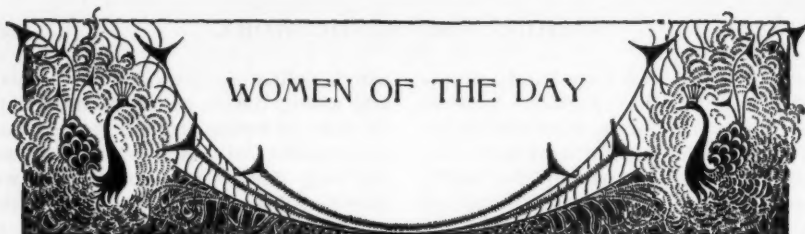
On first thought the association of so many colors and shades might seem inartistic, but I assure you it was most elegant, and this was mainly due to the liberal use of the black threads, which were so tastefully disposed that a loud effect was impossible.

It is of the utmost importance that all threads used to embroider a design of this description be of the very best, and especially the black threads. Inferior dyes will wear gray and if, as in this instance, they must be subjected to the laundry, they will "run" and ruin all the other colors besides discoloring the linen.

For the main part of the work Asiatic filo floss was used, in black and delicate colors and black Roman floss was selected for the heavy markings and for working the bodies of the butterflies.

CORNER OF CENTERPIECE.

Those interested in Honiton lace work will find the design for a corner of a center-piece given in this issue, an excellent model, and quite easy of execution. The wave line three scallops from the corner indicates one-fourth of the design. Select braid number 800 and baste to fine white linen, then buttonhole the edges of the braid using white Honiton lace silk; when the embroidery is completed, carefully cut away the linen under the braid and out of the three squares at each corner; in these openings embroider fancy wheels. Doilies, toilet mats, etc., may be prettily decorated in a similar manner.



WOMEN OF THE DAY

MRS. MARTHA STRICKLAND, the Detroit attorney, has brought her analytic mind to bear upon the subject of dress reform. Her gowns were much admired at the National Council of Women recently held in Washington, where she earnestly endeavored to demonstrate that there is no beauty in big sleeves, small waists and flaring skirts. She does not like short skirts for the street but advocates the Syrian costume, a divided skirt gathered into bands, fastened at the knee and falling to the boots so full and in such soft folds that the division is not discernable. For other occasions she thinks the skirt should be retained and she cannot imagine why women should seek to imitate the ugly attire of men in any respect.

Nine women out of ten to-day find that existence palls unless they hit upon some absorbing, thrilling occupation. When in such straits they would do well to follow in the footsteps of Miss Nellie Beebe, an eastern girl, who went to Colorado three years ago and took up a claim. Already she is famous as a ranchero. She has sold 21½ heads of cattle, 23 carloads of potatoes, 19 loads of hay, shot at and disabled a midnight marauder, overtaken and dispossessed a horse-thief, regained her health and worked off her surplus energy.

According to Miss Mary C. Collins who has been for twenty years among the Sioux Indians there is not much romance in missionary life. She has lived in a log cabin filled in with mud and under a roof made of poles thatched with hay and paper; she has traveled fifty miles on horseback on a winter's day with the mercury almost out of sight, or on a summer's one under an intense sun and in scorching winds. But in spite of her discomforts she has great faith in her work and in the future of the Indian woman.

It is regarded as certain that we shall have Yvette Guilbert, the singer, entertaining us shortly with her startling songs and inimitable gestures. A woman who makes some \$60,000 a year cannot fail to be interesting. She has a small voice which she uses with consummate skill, and an air of demure innocence which she

preserves when voicing the most remarkable sentiments.

She appears generally in ordinary evening dress, her auburn hair brushed simply back from her face, which is thin and a trifle hard in expression, but invariably with her hands clothed in black gloves. Finally she is said to be a very proper young woman who invests her earnings in solid securities.

One advanced woman in the west holds the position of deputy sheriff. Mrs. Aram, of Oakland, Cal., obtained this office as a reward for political services. Her duties at present are to convey insane women of her county to the asylums. She has been assigned to this duty because she has shown remarkable ability in controlling them without resorting to force. She says of her methods that she insists upon treating all the insane women as if they were sane while at the same time she watches like a cat for any signs of violence.

The youngest school teacher in New Jersey and possibly out of it is Mollie Massopust, a twelve year old girl who assists Principal Dietz. She is not paid because she says she loves to teach and because the Principal has more than he can do. She is of German parentage and has already decided that she means to take up teaching for her life work. She has her small children, whom she teaches for one hour in the morning and one hour in the afternoon, under perfect control in spite of the fact that she is only three feet tall, wears a pinafore and has one thick brown braid hanging down her back.

Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin is the new president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which is an outcome of the individual clubs and which aims to unite them in an organization that will preserve the independence of each club, and at the same time be a bond of union between them. Mrs. Henrotin observes that the objects of a woman's club is exactly opposite to that of the men who have theirs for ease, comfort and luxury. Woman's club is, for the most part, where she receives her education in semi-public life; where she learns to work with others, to differ with courtesy and listen with respect to adverse views.

There is a movement on foot in Paris to found a woman's museum, a sort of woman's building such as was built for the first time at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Mme. Griess-Traut, the president of one of the most important feminine groups in France, is the originator of the scheme. She explains that her idea is to have a sort of home of feminine evolution, a chronological depot, containing the annals, traditions, laws, decrees, customs, etc. which have ruled and which govern women at the present day. One lady, who suggested that they had not much to place in the museum, was promptly overruled, and a petition is being formulated to be addressed to the municipal council of Paris, demanding space in one of the city's buildings.

It is no new statement that the Princess of Wales is the most popular and best known woman of England. Interest in her increases as references to the Queen's declining condition become more frequent. The Princess' charm is indefinable and magnetic. It does not consist in her beauty, nor in her kindness, nor in her intellect, but it is a rare combination of those many gifts and graces which go to make up that one word, womanly. Although fifty years of age, she still retains her youthful charm, her slender, well carried figure, her gracefully poised head and, as always, her excellent taste in dress.

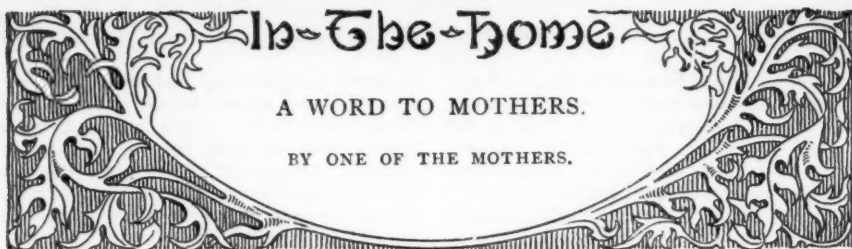
Miss Florence Hollister Dangerfield, the second woman to be admitted to the practice of law in New York City, is a Cornell graduate, still young, with a willowy figure and a face full of character and expression. She says she just stumbled into the profession of law though she always had a taste for logic and metaphysics and a fondness for studying and thinking out abstract themes. She is a native of Auburn, N. Y., and a graduate of the high school there. In connection with this it is a curious fact that out of the seven Greek students in a certain class she was the only girl, and that the whole seven are now lawyers. She intends

to make surrogate and real estate law her speciality, and meanwhile she says she may marry, but if she does it will be with the distinct understanding that she is to continue her practice. She frankly acknowledges that she is somewhat in doubt about woman suffrage, though she feels that women ought to have the right to try the experiment.

A woman devoted to making the happiness of children is Miss Katherine Shippen. She is a boon to Chicago mothers. For a moderate sum she manages their children's parties, entertains them and generally contributes to making their lives interesting and pleasant. She invents and finds new games, and is continually on the alert for some new mode of amusing her charges. She says she follows no strict rule of procedure. Her first care is to become "chummy" with the little folks and to dissipate all diffidence, then, once having secured their attention, she guarantees never to let it flag.

Dr. Parkhurst as a political reformer seems to have been more or less a success, but as a censor of womankind he is an abject failure. In a recent magazine article commenting on the advances that have been made by the women of the day he took occasion to deprecate the movement, saying in substance, that woman's sphere was the home; that she was intended principally for the perpetuation of the race, and when she attempted to get out of that particular path she was swerving from her line of duty. The reverend gentleman's idea of woman was a shock to his friends, and was, to say the least, unworthy any man of brains. If we must consider our wives and daughters sorely in the light of their ability to bear children, we have descended to the depths of barbarism, and our boasts of advancement are but idle vaporings. No man of sense would be willing to relegate womankind to the sole position Dr. Parkhurst would have her occupy.





"Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone."

THE grandest vocation in the world is that of motherhood. Mothers make the citizens of our country. Their influence over the destiny of the nation is unlimited. Into the hands of the mother God has given a precious charge to mould and to make as she wills. How many girls, just entering into wedded life, pause to consider what a responsibility she is assuming; does she ever think of the young lives which she must mould for good or evil? Does she ever prepare for the grandest vocation on earth—motherhood? To be a mother in the highest sense of the word, means so much that every woman should carefully prepare herself as best she can with the Divine help, for so grand a calling.

Think how the little lives intrusted to our care can be dwarfed and ruined by neglect, or what grand and noble characters we may help to form if we carefully develop the right instincts which are born in our children. The instincts are often right enough, "but the right instinct is, alas! too often lacking."

To suppose that because a woman has given birth to a child makes her really a mother in its truest sense, is a mistake. There are women who never had children of their own, who are more truly mothers in the highest sense of the word than some who have given birth to several children. It is the right development of the natural instincts of a true woman, be she wife or maid, who makes a real mother in its highest calling.

When our little son in his efforts to satisfy his curiosity, plies us with his ceaseless questions, at a moment, perhaps, when we are busy with some other thought, do we stop to consider that our impatient rejoinder, or perhaps our not too truthful reply, makes or mars the little fellow? Do we always remember that our child is what we make it?

How many mothers before punishing for one little offense, wait to learn the cause? I know that often the child's antagonism is roused by some harshness or teasing on the part of a nurse, or some older person; and the seeming naughtiness for which we too harshly punish, is but the development which we ourselves induce by the neglect of justice to our child.

A selfish father, to gain a little more of his wife's time and attention for himself, induced her to leave her little family for a while and enjoy a trip abroad with him. One of his arguments was that "A child is nothing but a little animal, give it enough to eat, and amuse it, and it cared for nothing more."

That man lacked the "milk of human kindness." He forgot that we are born human beings. We do not grow into it; and as human beings, have all their characteristics.

We need kindly words and sympathy; so does our little one. The weaker feel the need of protection and justice, so do our little defenceless children. To say that a child is "nothing but an animal," argues that its father has developed into nothing but the brute. If we wish to properly train and educate our boys and girls, we must show them the same courtesy and kindness, the same justice, which we would exhibit to the grown people. To do as we would wish to be done by is a safe rule to follow in our home training.

A hard matter to deal with some times, is in regard to the "rights of property." If we will not recognize it ourselves in the children's toys, how can we ever expect a child to recognize it in other people's belongings? To forcibly compel a boy to give up his toy to some other child, or to coax and shame him into doing it unwillingly, will never teach him to be unselfish, but rather instil a churlish, sulky feeling which we will think is ugliness; forgetting of course, that we ourselves, helped him to develop the trait.

What a bugbear "Don't" becomes to the little ones; how many restless, active little people wish there never had been such a word? And how often too, our "Don'ts" are absolutely injurious to the physical development of the growing child. "Don't make so much noise," "Don't be so restless," "Don't do this, or don't do that, meaning to restrain nature's methods to give a healthy, strong physical growth to our active little ones.

Children are naturally restless and are more or less nervous; activity is their only vent; to compel a nervous, active child to "keep still" is often cruel. Rather direct the activity, and see that the little folks are as busy as they wish to be. Our little girl wishes to help mamma arrange her room, and will of course wish

to carry bric-a-brac. Don't scold and frown as the little hands reach out to take it; but give her the books to carry, give her a dust cloth to dust the rounds of the chair, which she can reach "so much easier than mamma." Our boy wants to pound the wall or doors, give him a hammer and board and let him pound. He develops muscle. If he must have scissors or be unhappy, give him a blunt pair and some colored paper. Never mind the muss. It is easily cleared away, and our child is happy.

We all want our little ones to yield obedience; do we all go wisely about securing it? Grown people resent the idea of immediate, unquestioned obedience, why not the child? We want and demand a reason, so do the little ones. "Must" is sometimes necessary, but if we could accustom the child to "ought," and if he asks a reason for a command, give it to him; how much more readily would he yield and how happy our lives together as mother and child.

The little folks will reason for themselves, let us help them to do so clearly rather than restrain them in it. It helps mental development.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child" is true enough, unless there is a judicious hand at the other end of the rod. I believe if a rod is necessary, to use it; but if the child is studied and watched there are many times when it might best be entirely dispensed with, or when its results are really harmful. There are many children who can be reasoned with, when a whipping will merely make them revengeful. If a child persists in going near the fire, and nothing you can say or any punishment you can give will deter him, let him touch the stove with his little finger. He will learn that it burns and you may be sure he will not make another attempt. If he is selfish with his toys, tell him some story of a wicked giant or some imaginary person with all the ugly, selfish traits, and of some beautiful, generous character to counterbalance, and he will assimilate the needs to his own case, and in nine cases out of ten will try to be like the lovely one and not like the giant whom no one ever loves. I believe most children can be trained almost entirely by love and sympathy.

Mothers! Our responsibility is great. Let us give our best to our children. There is no duty social or otherwise, which is so important. Give thought and time; play and talk and sing with them. Odd moments are not enough. Have your children's play hour and play it with them. They will bless you for it in the years to come. Your boy will reveal what his mother has been to him, by his sentiments concerning other women.

WHY NOT THE MAN SOMETIMES?

BY A. M. C.

THE article by A. F. M. in the March issue of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE entitled "Reading and a Cultured Mind," is full of truth and especially true is the statement covered by these lines: "Who has not been made sad by seeing what is too often the case, the intellectual gulf between husband and wife?"

But, is the wife always to be blamed for this state of affairs after marriage.

While A. F. M. gives one illustration bearing so strongly on the wife's failure to fulfill her duty in the matter we could give hundreds which would show not only failure, but cruel neglect on the husband's part in not making home and life what it should be for his true and loving-hearted wife. It is not necessary to dwell at length on this subject, for instances in real life too often come under the personal observation of each one of us which describe the truth of what might be said or thought in regard to this matter better than any written words can do.

I know of nothing which will show the other side of the matter better than these verses which appeared in the "Portland Transcript" a year or two ago:

THE USUAL VERDICT.

When a man has scaled and climbed the ladder of success,
And something gives way and lets him fall:
His friends will shake their heads, look wise and gravely say—
"There's a woman at the bottom of it all."

No matter what he's done, nor how long since he begun,
To essay Life's devious ways, unheeding duty's call;
There'll be enough to say, "we have thought for many a day
There's some woman at the bottom of it all."

Yes, a man—a big live man! ever since the world began
Can commit no crime whatever, be it great or small;
But what some one will "suppose that everybody knows
A woman's at the bottom of it all."

But ah! how is it when as you often hear of men
Who have won the guerdon of a true and noble life,
That each can proudly say, what I am, I owe to-day
To my mother and my loyal-hearted wife.

—S. S. NASON.

TO RENOVATE GILT FRAMES.—Remove the glass, and the picture too if possible, and brush the frame over with the following mixture; half-a-pint of water, a tablespoonful of soft soap, and half a wine-glassful of liquid ammonia. Afterwards rinse with cold water, and dry in the sun. Polish with a soft leather. If the frame be very dirty it may be necessary to use a brush for applying the mixture, but it must be a soft one in order not to scratch the gilding.

A GREEN TEA.

BY LELA MOORE.

THE ladies of the Aid Society of the village of C— were in a quandry. The church needed a new carpet, but how could the money be saved? They had given ice cream festivals and dime sociables until the people were tired of them; they felt that they must have some thing new but what should it be. At last Miss Winter, the new school teacher, suggested that they give a "green tea."

The suggestion was acted upon at once; they were rewarded with success and thinking it might be helpful to others, I will tell you of it.

The supper was given in the town hall which was decorated with green also "Ts" cut from sheet wadding. A short literary program was rendered for which a small fee was charged.

At the close of the program the supper was served on small tables seating two couples. The tables were plainly laid with spoons, knives and forks, the plates being brought with the orders.

Menu cards cut from stiff white paper in the shape of the letter "T," the back covered with tissue paper, green, were given each couple from which they gave their orders. The bill of fare with the price of each article was written on the face of the cards. Below is the bill of fare as written on the cards. I will then give you the interpretation which is known only to the ones giving the supper. Needless to say some of the orders are most laughable and the evening's amusement at the Green Tea will be long remembered.

BILL OF FARE AS PRINTED.

1. The way the small boy goes down hill.....	2c
2. Humpty Dumpty Satanized	3c
3. A preacher's delight.....	3c
4. Sweetness boiled down.....	2c
5. A golden relish.....	2c
6. Love's token.....	2c
7. Sandwiches.....	3c
8. Upper crust.....	1c
9. Gilt edge.....	2c
10. Murphy hash.....	2c
11. Public squares.....	2c
12. Grandma's pride.....	2c
13. Brazilian ale.....	3c
14. Afterwards.....	1c

BILL OF FARE AS INTERPRETED.

1. Rolls.	2. Egg, scrambled.
3. Chicken.	4. Jelly.
5. Cheese.	6. Pickles.
7. Layer cake.	8. Cream.
9. Butter.	10. Potatoes sliced and baked in milk.
11. Sugar.	12. Tea.
13. Coffee.	14. Tooth picks.

ON THE PLEASURES OF HOSPITALITY.

BY M. C.

THERE exists, in our language, a homely caption concerning the turning of a worm.

Now, although I do not consider myself like unto the above-mentioned reptile in any particular point, still, as I am seated here at my desk, my mind overflowing with words, my heart bursting with indignation, I cannot forbear exclaiming: "This worm has turned!"

And I write this brief article thinking, nay, sure, that I am voicing a grievance that has long lain cankering at the breast of many a victim sister; and hoping that the visiting public may chance to read and lay these words to heart.

Two years ago I began my married life in a small but tasteful home, and among my new possessions there was none that gave me more pride than my daintily appointed spare room.

When I gazed on the pink calcimined walls, the white matting, the cottage muslin curtains, the celluloid appointments of the little dressing table, and the neat but inexpensive ash furniture, my soul was thrilled with hospitable dreams, and in imagination I beheld my future guest already ensconced therein.

Alas! alas! the future guest came all too soon, and ere she left my bright air castles were heaps of sombre ruins.

A month or so after we had been comfortably installed in our new home, and my new husband and I were beginning to feel more acquainted, I received a note from one of our cousins announcing her intention of spending a few days with us.

The advent of this, our first guest, was looked forward to with pleasure, and she was greeted with a cordial welcome.

But when the "few days visit" lengthened into weeks and into months, and our grocery bills grew apace, and cold weather came and our guest requested a fire and extra blankets, when there were none in the house and John had to go in debt for a pair (for our ways and means are small), and finding our seven o'clock breakfast too early, decided to take her morning meal in bed; who lent John's umbrella to a beaux who never returned it; who complained of the meanness and lack of variety in our daily bill of fare; who daily splashed the water over my pink calcimined walls during her ablutions; who nightly broke a lamp chimney curling her bangs; who wrote letters in bed and spattered and speckled the best counterpane with ink; who borrowed my silver hair pin and lost it; who thought John should give me a party while she was with us, and who twitted

me in company of John's former love affairs, the cry went up, "How long?" from our overburdened hearts.

And when she finally announced the date of her departure we counted the hours and minutes that must elapse before the arrival of that thrice welcome day.

No battle cry of victory, no triumphant pæan was ever half so joyfully heard as the whistle of the departing train that bore our first guest from us!

As John said that night as we sat by our cosy fireside "the serpent had at length departed from our Eden."

But not for long. Guests have come and gone since then. A numberless throng of every character and description from the dear cheerful friends who helped me daily with my household tasks, and John's college friend who milked the cow when the cook was sick, to our wealthy maiden aunt who gave us six weeks of her valuable time during which she told me I spoilt my baby and advised John to limit my household expenditures or we should be ruined, and departing mailed me a receipt book entitled "15 cent dinners," and to John's uncle a Methodist minister who on the night we went to the city to see Richard Mansfield solemnly bade us take heed, that broad was the way that led to destruction!

Now during the days and weeks of our visitors stay, John and I have come to this conclusion, that of all the duties of social life, that duty of hospitality is the most arduous.

Necessitating, as it is bound to do, increased expenditure and extra work. It is all very well to read of offering your guest the home bill of fare, of making no extra allowance, of what is good enough for your family is good enough for your visitor. Yes, yes, true enough as to quality but not as to quantity.

The dinner prepared for two is seldom elastic enough for six, and living in a small town, as we do, minus a market or a bakery providing at the eleventh hour, is well nigh impossible.

As I write, there rises in my mind, the memory of days, when, as we would be sitting down to our frugal midday repast, the voice of the maid of all work would be heard in that alas! too familiar cry "company's coming!"

And here would come a carryall, or dayton, filled to o'er flowing with our second, third and fifth cousins all as hungry as vultures.

I would fly to the parlor to welcome the visitors, John to the grocery to invest in the wherewithal to stay their fainting inner-man, and the maid of all work to the neighbors to borrow extra plates, glasses, etc., for the number of our visitors generally exceeded the amount of plate, etc., at our disposal.

Perhaps the reader of these lines may accuse me of exaggeration. I can only reply that the tenth part of what I have borne is yet untold. And if desirous of testing the truth of my assertions let her marry and take up her residence in that hospitable section of our country where we reside, and ere long she will find herself confronted by the same problem of indiscriminate hospitality.

John and I have solved it by boarding!

HINTS FOR PUZZLED MOTHERS.

BY "AUNT JEMIMA."

DURING several years experience as a teacher of music, I think I have been met, in every imaginable way, with the question of How shall I get the child student to practice?

There are so many attractive plans running through those small heads, the hour or two for music seems long and tiresome, and I know that very often the hour ends in tears, and a discouraged mother's heart. Poor child! Poor mother.

Should this be so? Of course not, you say, but how can I make her practice?

Don't MAKE her! I don't mean to stop the lesson, but try a little wee dose of coaxing! One way I found that succeeded finely with a wee lass. I invested in a game of musical dominoes, and at the lesson hour, if the mother reported all the practice done, we had a game together, long enough to please and not tire, and all the time she was learning; when this grew a little old a musical story was used by the mother at bedtime, if the practice was done, and very few times was she sent to bed without a chapter. Now, of course, her interest in music itself is all the stimulant she needs.

One other child was managed by requesting her to practice each scale exercise, etc., so many times daily instead of so many minutes; of course the time was carefully calculated, but the mother pronounced it a great success. She said: "Nellie does not trouble me any more and some days practices more than her time, and does not keep running to look at the clock. I think with most pupils this plan works better than the hour system."

One pupil who came to me about a year ago was the despair of her mother and myself until I tried the simple plan of a daily account book for my weekly inspection. I prepared it for her as follows:

	Finger ex	Scales	Arp.	Study	Sonata	Piece
Monday						
Tuesday						
Wednesday						
Thursday						
Friday						
Saturday						

The first one she showed me caused her to blush, as it was like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Monday	0	5 min.	0	0	5 min.	5 min.
Tuesday	5 min.	5 min.	0	10 min.	0	15 min.
Wednesday	0	0	0	10 min.	10 min.	20 min.
Thursday	0	5 min.	5 min.	5 min.	10 min.	20 min.
Friday	went to a picnic didn't practice					
Saturday	5 min.	5 min.	5 min.	10 min.	10 min.	30 min., before day.

She never showed such a poor record again and now is very proud when she can bring me an even record of two hours a day, which is all she should do with her school duties. I find

with boys the system of "bookkeeping" is usually more successful than almost any other way, as it seems to add to the business-like way so dear to the heart of the average boy.

Again I say, don't try to make them practice nor punish them if they don't, nor stop the lesson, but coax and lead them.

THE THREAD JOKE.

BY T. B. WEAVER.

YOU'VE heard of folks (my wife is one) Who like to give but not take fun ; These also say, none can devise A joke on them to their surprise. So wife and I to service went On widely different things intent: We sat alone, just she and I, And soon a raveling caught her eye, Upon my Sunday coat of blue ; At once she picked and pulled it through. She whispered, "John, you did not brush," She pulled and then began to blush. "Your underwear is raveling, dear!" I turned and said, "That's very queer; The tailor is at fault, I think," And gave a sanctimonious blink. Again she picked and pulled the thread, With twisted frame and bobbing head; Just like a spider with a fly, She pulled her thread upon the sly. When ten or twenty yards or more Were lying on the seat and floor, I turned and said in solemn tone, "Dear wife, don't worry, let it alone." Again she bit it off so close, I felt the impress of her nose ; The time was short when 'Squire Lee Entered the pew just back of me; 'Twas very soon to my delight I felt I had another bite. The 'squire pulled a yard or two Of raveling through my coat of blue ; He'd pull awhile, then wait results— He knew I would not take insults. But when I did not turn my head, He pulled and pulled the ravel thread. Just like a deacon there I sat, My bait was what they both jumped at. When wife turned 'round and said to me: "Oh! John, just look at 'Squire Lee! Your shirt will all be raveled out; Say, don't you know what he's about? If you don't tell him let it be, There'll be no patching more by me. Enough's unravelled now I see To make a whole day's work for thee." Lee pulled awhile; when all at once, 'Twas done. I turned and said, "You dunce! You and my wife have played the fool, You've got the thread, now take the spool." And from my pocket, it I drew, How Katy looked, I'll leave to you.

A GOOD FURNITURE OIL.—Take equal quantities of linseed-oil, turpentine, vinegar, and spirits of wine; shake the mixture well and rub on the furniture with a piece of flannel, polish with a soft cloth, and lastly with a clean wash-leather or an old silk handkerchief.

THE USE OF REMNANTS.

ONE of the most puzzling problems that confronts the thrifty house-mother is what can be done with all that remains after our dinners? We surely cannot afford to throw it away, and how can all the odds and ends of our meats and vegetables be utilized to advantage? The fruits of others' experience may be some guide to the uncertain steps of the young and inexperienced one who finds herself daily wasting quite too much material, simply because she knows not how to use it, and of it make a good and appetizing dish. The daintiest, most delicious little viands, we all know, are gotten up by the French cooks from a very slim allowance of almost uninviting materials, remnants to start with. With deft fingers they turn to wonderful account what most American cooks would naturally throw away as entirely useless.

So many ways there are to make yesterday's roast or boil into attractive shape, and gratifying and satisfying to the palate and appetite as well. Delicately, thinly cut both roast beef and lamb are a favorite with many cold, and if garnished with a bit of parsley, well, it is strange how much daintier the plain dish does taste just for a sight of that bit of green. But the ragged, unshapely parts left even yet? They can be warmed up, after being nicely cut into uniform pieces with all fat and gristle cast aside, in the rich, brown gravy left over and served on slices of buttered toast, a good breakfast dish; yet the shabbiest bits of all can be finely chopped, well seasoned, a bit of sweet herb added, or a bit of onion, if allowed, and then mixed with the mashed potato left from yesterday, all then "bound with an egg," as the old grandmothers express it, then made into pretty croquettes and fried a rich brown, and we have another welcome breakfast dish, and have saved our remnant of mashed potato also.

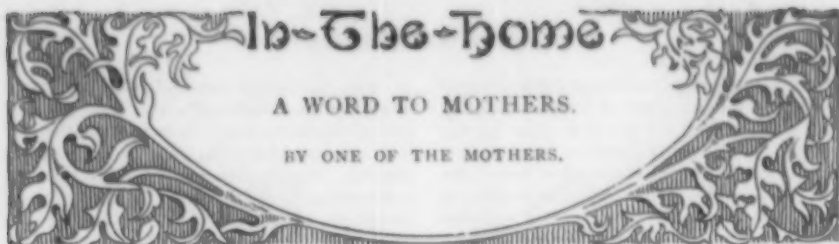
This same chopped meat, if there yet is more to dispose of, can be seasoned with a different sweet herb, put in a pudding dish, with plenty of butter for moisture, covered with mashed potato, brushed over with a beaten egg, browned in the oven for half an hour, and we have a variety for a breakfast again, or even a side-dish for dinner, which will be relished just because it is unexpected and out of the beaten track.

The broth from our boils, all save corned beef, is the ground of our soups. Even the bones from our roast, and even the untouched ones from the breakfast steak, simmered together a long time, make a stock to start an infinite variety of substantial soups.

A large roast or boil often leaves ample for a meat pie, and the rich gravy and juices added make it delicious. None of these made-over dishes are or should be poor, but enriched with butter and suitable seasoning. Most vegetables, like cauliflower, squash or turnip, can be perfectly recooked by covering in a close pan, and setting in a hot oven just long enough to be thoroughly heated through. The remnants of cooked fish can be readily used in salads, or warmed up in milk and served on toast, or made with left-over mashed potatoes and an egg, into fishballs that are very acceptable, and have the merit, too, of requiring but a few moments to have ready.

A bit of paste left over in making pies can be used in a great number of ways helpful to the one who has to plan and think "what to have for dessert," often a troublesome and perplexing question. Line a quart pudding dish with the bit of piecrust left, prick it generously with a fork to retain its shape, and bake a good color. In a cold place, in two or three days, even this will be convenient to use, when the pies have all disappeared. Pare one quart of tart apples, slice and stew them with one spoonful of water and one of vinegar, one spoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and one cup of sugar. The flavor may be varied by using cinnamon or nutmeg or vanilla or lemon at different times; it gives a variety. Cover and simmer the apples till transparent and done. Then pour into the paste in the pudding dish. Frost with the sweetened and frothed whites of two or three eggs, and brown delicately in the oven. The yolks of those two or three eggs, kept with a spoonful of water, can form part of the breakfast omelet. A quart of peaches, treated in exactly the same way, makes another dessert, only they should merely be heated through to melt the butter, and the vinegar should be omitted. A quart of cranberries may be turned to the same account, and made into a very handsome and rich dessert; but they require more butter and sugar, and are amply acid without vinegar. The uses of breads left over we must leave for another chapter.—SELECTED.





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No love like mother love ever has shone."

THE grandest vocation in the world is that of motherhood. Mothers make the citizens of our country. Their influence over the destiny of the nation is unlimited. Into the hands of the mother God has given a precious charge to mould and to make as she wills. How many girls, just entering into wedded life, pause to consider what a responsibility she is assuming; does she ever think of the young lives which she must mould for good or evil? Does she ever prepare for the grandest vocation on earth—motherhood? To be a mother in the highest sense of the word, means so much that every woman should carefully prepare herself as best she can with the Divine help, for so grand a calling.

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To suppose that because a woman has given birth to a child makes her really a mother in its truest sense, is a mistake. There are women who never had children of their own, who are more truly mothers in the highest sense of the word than some who have given birth to several children. It is the right development of the natural instincts of a true woman, be she wife or maid, who makes a real mother in its highest calling.

When our little son in his efforts to satisfy his curiosity, piles us with his ceaseless questions, at a moment, perhaps, when we are busy with some other thought, do we stop to consider that our impatient rejoinder, or perhaps our not too truthful reply, makes or mars the little fellow? Do we always remember that our child is what we make it?

How many mothers before punishing for one little offense, wait to learn the cause? I know that often the child's antagonism is roused by some harshness or teasing on the part of a nurse, or some older person; and the seeming naughtiness for which we too harshly punish, is but the development which we ourselves induce by the neglect of justice to our child.

A selfish father, to gain a little more of his wife's time and attention for himself, induced her to leave her little family for a while and enjoy a trip abroad with him. One of his arguments was that "A child is nothing but a little animal, give it enough to eat, and amuse it, and it cared for nothing more."

That man lacked the "milk of human kindness." He forgot that we are born human beings. We do not grow into it; and as human beings, have all their characteristics.

We need kindly words and sympathy; so does our little one. The weaker feel the need of protection and justice, so do our little defenceless children. To say that a child is "nothing but an animal," argues that its father has developed into nothing but the brute. If we wish to properly train and educate our boys and girls, we must show them the same courtesy and kindness, the same justice, which we would exhibit to the grown people. To do as we would wish to be done by is a safe rule to follow in our home training.

A hard matter to deal with some times, is in regard to the "rights of property." If we will not recognize it ourselves in the children's toys, how can we ever expect a child to recognize it in other people's belongings? To forcibly compel a boy to give up his toy to some other child, or to coax and shame him into doing it unwillingly, will never teach him to be unselfish, but rather instil a churlish, sulky feeling which we will think is ugliness; forgetting of course, that we ourselves, helped him to develop the trait.

What a bugbear "Don't" becomes to the little ones; how many restless, active little people wish there never had been such a word? And how often too, our "Don'ts" are absolutely injurious to the physical development of the growing child. "Don't make so much noise," "Don't be so restless," "Don't do this, or don't do that, meaning to restrain nature's methods to give a healthy, strong physical growth to our active little ones.

Children are naturally restless and are more or less nervous; activity is their only vent; to compel a nervous, active child to "keep still" is often cruel. Rather direct the activity, and see that the little folks are as busy as they wish to be. Our little girl wishes to help mamma arrange her room, and will of course wish

to carry bric-a-brac. Don't scold and frown as the little hands reach out to take it; but give her the books to carry, give her a dust cloth to dust the rounds of the chair, which she can reach "so much easier than mamma." Our boy wants to pound the wall or doors, give him a hammer and board and let him pound. He develops muscle. If he must have scissors or be unhappy, give him a blunt pair and some colored paper. Never mind the mess. It is easily cleared away, and our child is happy.

We all want our little ones to yield obedience; do we all go wisely about securing it? Grown people resent the idea of immediate, unquestioned obedience, why not the child? We want and demand a reason, so do the little ones. "Must" is sometimes necessary, but if we could accustom the child to "ought," and if he asks a reason for a command, give it to him; how much more readily would he yield and how happy our lives together as mother and child.

The little folks will reason for themselves, let us help them to do so clearly rather than restrain them in it. It helps mental development.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child" is true enough, unless there is a judicious hand at the other end of the rod. I believe if a rod is necessary, to use it; but if the child is studied and watched there are many times when it might best be entirely dispensed with, or when its results are really harmful. There are many children who can be reasoned with, when a whipping will merely make them revengeful. If a child persists in going near the fire, and nothing you can say or any punishment you can give will deter him, let him touch the stove with his little finger. He will learn that it burns and you may be sure he will not make another attempt. If he is selfish with his toys, tell him some story of a wicked giant or some imaginary person with all the ugly, selfish traits, and of some beautiful, generous character to counterbalance, and he will assimilate the needs to his own case, and in nine cases out of ten will try to be like the lovely one and not like the giant whom no one ever loves. I believe most children can be trained almost entirely by love and sympathy.

Mothers! Our responsibility is great. Let us give our best to our children. There is no duty social or otherwise, which is so important. Give thought and time; play and talk and sing with them. Odd moments are not enough. Have your children's play hour and play it with them. They will bless you for it in the years to come. Your boy will reveal what his mother has been to him, by his sentiments concerning other women.

WHY NOT THE MAN SOMETIMES?

BY A. M. C.

THE article by A. F. M. in the March issue of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE entitled "Reading and a Cultured Mind," is full of truth and especially true is the statement covered by these lines: "Who has not been made sad by seeing what is too often the case, the intellectual gulf between husband and wife?"

But, is the wife always to be blamed for this state of affairs after marriage.

While A. F. M. gives one illustration bearing so strongly on the wife's failure to fulfill her duty in the matter we could give hundreds which would show not only failure, but cruel neglect on the husband's part in not making home and life what it should be for his true and loving-hearted wife. It is not necessary to dwell at length on this subject, for instances in real life too often come under the personal observation of each one of us which describe the truth of what might be said or thought in regard to this matter better than any written words can do.

I know of nothing which will show the other side of the matter better than these verses which appeared in the "Portland Transcript" a year or two ago:

THE USUAL VERDICT.

When a man has scaled and climbed the ladder of success,

And something gives way and lets him fall;
His friends will shake their heads, look wise and gravely say—
"There's a woman at the bottom of it all."

No matter what he's done, nor how long since he began,

To essay Life's devious ways, unheeding duty's call;
There'll be enough to say, "we have thought for many a day
There's some woman at the bottom of it all."

Yes, a man—a big live man! ever since the world began

Can commit no crime whatever, be it great or small;
But what some one will "suppose that everybody knows
A woman's at the bottom of it all."

But ah! how is it when as you often hear of men
Who have won the guerdon of a true and noble life,
That each can proudly say, what I am, I owe to-day
To my mother and my loyal-hearted wife.

—S. S. NABON.

TO RENOVATE GILT FRAMES.—Remove the glass, and the picture too if possible, and brush the frame over with the following mixture; half-a-pint of water, a tablespoonful of soft soap, and half a wine-glassful of liquid ammonia. Afterwards rinse with cold water, and dry in the sun. Polish with a soft leather. If the frame be very dirty it may be necessary to use a brush for applying the mixture, but it must be a soft one in order not to scratch the gilding.

A GREEN TEA.

BY LELA MOORE.

THE ladies of the Aid Society of the village of C— were in a quandry. The church needed a new carpet, but how could the money be saved? They had given ice cream festivals and dime sociables until the people were tired of them; they felt that they must have some thing new but what should it be. At last Miss Winter, the new school teacher, suggested that they give a "green tea."

The suggestion was acted upon at once; they were rewarded with success and thinking it might be helpful to others, I will tell you of it.

The supper was given in the town hall which was decorated with green also "Ta" cut from sheet wadding. A short literary program was rendered for which a small fee was charged.

At the close of the program the supper was served on small tables seating two couples. The tables were plainly laid with spoons, knives and forks, the plates being brought with the orders.

Menu cards cut from stiff white paper in the shape of the letter "T," the back covered with tissue paper, green, were given each couple from which they gave their orders. The bill of fare with the price of each article was written on the face of the cards. Below is the bill of fare as written on the cards. I will then give you the interpretation which is known only to the ones giving the supper. Needless to say some of the orders are most laughable and the evening's amusement at the Green Tea will be long remembered.

BILL OF FARE AS PRINTED.

1. The way the small boy goes down hill.....	2c
2. Humpty Dumpty Satanized	3c
3. A preacher's delight.....	3c
4. Sweetness boiled down.....	2c
5. A golden relish.....	2c
6. Love's token.....	2c
7. Sandwiches.....	8c
8. Upper crust.....	1c
9. Gilt edge.....	2c
10. Murphy haah.....	2c
11. Public squares.....	2c
12. Grandma's pride.....	2c
13. Brazilian ale.....	3c
14. Afterwards.....	1c

BILL OF FARE AS INTERPRETED.

1. Rolls.	2. Egg, scrambled.
3. Chicken.	4. Jelly.
5. Cheese.	6. Pickles.
7. Layer cake.	8. Cream.
9. Butter.	10. Potatoes sliced and baked in milk.
11. Sugar.	12. Tea.
13. Coffee.	14. Tooth picks.

ON THE PLEASURES OF HOSPITALITY.

BY M. C.

THERE exists, in our language, a homely caption concerning the turning of a worm.

Now, although I do not consider myself like unto the above-mentioned reptile in any particular point, still, as I am seated here at my desk, my mind overflowing with words, my heart bursting with indignation, I cannot forbear exclaiming: "This worm has turned!"

And I write this brief article thinking, nay, sure, that I am voicing a grievance that has long lain cankering at the breast of many a victim sister; and hoping that the visiting public may chance to read and lay these words to heart.

Two years ago I began my married life in a small but tasteful home, and among my new possessions there was none that gave me more pride than my daintily appointed spare room.

When I gazed on the pink calcimined walls, the white matting, the cottage muslin curtains, the celluloid appointments of the little dressing table, and the neat but inexpensive ash furniture, my soul was thrilled with hospitable dreams, and in imagination I beheld my future guest already ensconced therein.

Alas! alas! the future guest came all too soon, and ere she left my bright air castles were heaps of sombre ruins.

A month or so after we had been comfortably installed in our new home, and my new husband and I were beginning to feel more acquainted, I received a note from one of our cousins announcing her intention of spending a few days with us.

The advent of this, our first guest, was looked forward to with pleasure, and she was greeted with a cordial welcome.

But when the "few days visit" lengthened into weeks and into months, and our grocery bills grew apace, and cold weather came and our guest requested a fire and extra blankets, when there were none in the house and John had to go in debt for a pair (for our ways and means are small), and finding our seven o'clock breakfast too early, decided to take her morning meal in bed; who lent John's umbrella to a beaux who never returned it; who complained of the meanness and lack of variety in our daily bill of fare; who daily splashed the water over my pink calcimined walls during her ablutions; who nightly broke a lamp chimney curling her bangs; who wrote letters in bed and spattered and speckled the best counterpane with ink; who borrowed my silver hair pin and lost it; who thought John should give me a party while she was with us, and who twitted

me in company of John's former love affairs, the cry went up, "How long?" from our overburdened hearts.

And when she finally announced the date of her departure we counted the hours and minutes that must elapse before the arrival of that thrice welcome day.

No battle cry of victory, no triumphant pean was ever half so joyfully heard as the whistle of the departing train that bore our first guest from us!

As John said that night as we sat by our cosy fireside "the serpent had at length departed from our Eden."

But not for long. Guests have come and gone since then. A numberless throng of every character and description from the dear cheerful friends who helped me daily with my household tasks, and John's college friend who milked the cow when the cook was sick, to our wealthy maiden aunt who gave us six weeks of her valuable time during which she told me I spoilt my baby and advised John to limit my household expenditures or we should be ruined, and departing mailed me a receipt book entitled "15 cent dinners," and to John's uncle a Methodist minister who on the night we went to the city to see Richard Mansfield solemnly bade us take heed, that broad was the way that led to destruction!

Now during the days and weeks of our visitors stay, John and I have come to this conclusion, that of all the duties of social life, that duty of hospitality is the most arduous.

Necessitating, as it is bound to do, increased expenditure and extra work. It is all very well to read of offering your guest the home bill of fare, of making no extra allowance, of what is good enough for your family is good enough for your visitor. Yes, yes, true enough as to quality but not as to quantity.

The dinner prepared for two is seldom elastic enough for six, and living in a small town, as we do, minus a market or a bakery providing at the eleventh hour, is well nigh impossible.

As I write, there rises in my mind, the memory of days, when, as we would be sitting down to our frugal midday repast, the voice of the maid of all work would be heard in that alas! too familiar cry "company's coming!"

And here would come a carryall, or dayton, filled to o'er flowing with our second, third and fifth cousins all as hungry as vultures.

I would fly to the parlor to welcome the visitors, John to the grocery to invest in the wherewithal to stay their fainting inner-man, and the maid of all work to the neighbors to borrow extra plates, glasses, etc., for the number of our visitors generally exceeded the amount of plate, etc., at our disposal.

Perhaps the reader of these lines may accuse me of exaggeration. I can only reply that the tenth part of what I have borne is yet untold. And if desirous of testing the truth of my assertions let her marry and take up her residence in that hospitable section of our country where we reside, and ere long she will find herself confronted by the same problem of indiscriminate hospitality.

John and I have solved it by boarding!

HINTS FOR PUZZLED MOTHERS.

BY "AUNT JEMIMA."

DURING several years experience as a teacher of music, I think I have been met, in every imaginable way, with the question of How shall I get the child student to practice?

There are so many attractive plans running through those small heads, the hour or two for music seems long and tiresome, and I know that very often the hour ends in tears, and a discouraged mother's heart. Poor child! Poor mother.

Should this be so? Of course not, you say, but how can I make her practice?

Don't MAKE her! I don't mean to stop the lesson, but try a little wee dose of coaxing! One way I found that succeeded finely with a wee lass. I invested in a game of musical dominoes, and at the lesson hour, if the mother reported all the practice done, we had a game together, long enough to please and not tire; and all the time she was learning; when this grew a little old a musical story was used by the mother at bedtime, if the practice was done, and very few times was she sent to bed without a chapter. Now, of course, her interest in music itself is all the stimulant she needs.

One other child was managed by requesting her to practice each scale exercise, etc., so many times daily instead of so many minutes; of course the time was carefully calculated, but the mother pronounced it a great success. She said: "Nellie does not trouble me any more and some days practices more than her time, and does not keep running to look at the clock. I think with most pupils this plan works better than the hour system."

One pupil who came to me about a year ago was the despair of her mother and myself until I tried the simple plan of a daily account book for my weekly inspection. I prepared it for her as follows:

	Finger ex	Scales	Arp.	Study	Scout	Peace
Monday						
Tuesday						
Wednesday ..						
Thursday						
Friday						
Saturday						

The first one she showed me caused her to blush, as it was like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Monday	0	5 min.	0	0	5 min.	5 min.
Tuesday	5 min.	5 min.	0	10 min.	0	15 min.
Wednesday	0	0	0	10 min.	10 min.	10 min.
Thursday	0	5 min.	5 min.	5 min.	10 min.	10 min.
Friday	went to a picnic didn't practice			10 min.		
Saturday	5 min.	5 min.	5 min.	10 min.	10 min.	30 min., lesson day.

She never showed such a poor record again and now is very proud when she can bring me an even record of two hours a day, which is all she should do with her school duties. I find

with boys the system of "bookkeeping" is usually more successful than almost any other way, as it seems to add to the business-like way so dear to the heart of the average boy.

Again I say, don't try to make them practice nor punish them if they don't, nor stop the lesson, but coax and lead them.

THE THREAD JOKE.

BY T. B. WEAVER.

YOU'VE heard of folks (my wife is one) Who like to give but not take fun ; These also say, none can devise A joke on them to their surprise. So wife and I to service went On widely different things intent: We sat alone, just she and I, And soon a raveling caught her eye, Upon my Sunday coat of blue ; At once she picked and pulled it through. She whispered, "John, you did not brush," She pulled and then began to blush. "Your underwear is raveling, dear!" I turned and said, "That's very queer; The tailor is at fault, I think." And gave a sanctimonious blink. Again she picked and pulled the thread, With twisted frame and bobbing head; Just like a spider with a fly, She pulled her thread upon the sly. When ten or twenty yards or more Were lying on the seat and floor, I turned and said in solemn tone, "Dear wife, don't worry, let it alone." Again she bit it off so close, I felt the impress of her nose ; The time was short when 'Squire Lee Entered the pew just back of me; 'Twas very soon to my delight I felt I had another bite. The 'squire pulled a yard or two Of raveling through my coat of blue ; He'd pull awhile, then wait results— He knew I would not take insults. But when I did not turn my head, He pulled and pulled the ravel thread. Just like a deacon there I sat, My bait was what they both jumped at. When wife turned 'round and said to me: "Oh! John, just look at 'Squire Lee! Your shirt will all be raveled out; Say, don't you know what he's about? If you don't tell him let it be, There'll be no patching more by me. Enough's unraveled now I see To make a whole day's work for thee." Lee pulled awhile; when all at once, 'Twas done. I turned and said, "You dunce! You and my wife have played the fool, You've got the thread, now take the spool." And from my pocket, it I drew. How Katy looked, I'll leave to you.

A GOOD FURNITURE OIL.—Take equal quantities of linseed-oil, turpentine, vinegar, and spirits of wine; shake the mixture well and rub on the furniture with a piece of flannel, polish with a soft cloth, and lastly with a clean wash-leather or an old silk handkerchief.

THE USE OF REMNANTS.

ONE of the most puzzling problems that confronts the thrifty house-mother is what can be done with all that remains after our dinners? We surely cannot afford to throw it away, and how can all the odds and ends of our meats and vegetables be utilized to advantage? The fruits of others' experience may be some guide to the uncertain steps of the young and inexperienced one who finds herself daily wasting quite too much material, simply because she knows not how to use it, and of it make a good and appetizing dish. The daintiest, most delicious little viands, we all know, are gotten up by the French cooks from a very slim allowance of almost uninviting materials, remnants to start with. With deft fingers they turn to wonderful account what most American cooks would naturally throw away as entirely useless.

So many ways there are to make yesterday's roast or boil into attractive shape, and gratifying and satisfying to the palate and appetite as well. Delicately, thinly cut both roast beef and lamb are a favorite with many cold, and if garnished with a bit of parsley, well, it is strange how much daintier the plain dish does taste just for a sight of that bit of green. But the ragged, unshapely parts left even yet? They can be warmed up, after being nicely cut into uniform pieces with all fat and gristle cast aside, in the rich, brown gravy left over and served on slices of buttered toast, a good breakfast dish; yet the shabbiest bits of all can be finely chopped, well seasoned, a bit of sweet herb added, or a bit of onion, if allowed, and then mixed with the mashed potato left from yesterday, all then "bound with an egg," as the old grandmothers express it, then made into pretty croquettes and fried a rich brown, and we have another welcome breakfast dish, and have saved our remnant of mashed potato also.

This same chopped meat, if there yet is more to dispose of, can be seasoned with a different sweet herb, put in a pudding dish, with plenty of butter for moisture, covered with mashed potato, brushed over with a beaten egg, browned in the oven for half an hour, and we have a variety for a breakfast again, or even a side-dish for dinner, which will be relished just because it is unexpected and out of the beaten track.

The broth from our boils, all save corned beef, is the ground of our soups. Even the bones from our roast, and even the untouched ones from the breakfast steak, simmered together a long time, make a stock to start an infinite variety of substantial soups.

A large roast or boil often leaves ample for a meat pie, and the rich gravy and juices added make it delicious. None of these made-over dishes are or should be poor, but enriched with butter and suitable seasoning. Most vegetables, like cauliflower, squash or turnip, can be perfectly recooked by covering in a close pan, and setting in a hot oven just long enough to be thoroughly heated through. The remnants of cooked fish can be readily used in salads, or warmed up in milk and served on toast, or made with left-over mashed potatoes and an egg, into fishballs that are very acceptable, and have the merit, too, of requiring but a few moments to have ready.

A bit of paste left over in making pies can be used in a great number of ways helpful to the one who has to plan and think "what to have for dessert," often a troublesome and perplexing question. Line a quart pudding dish with the bit of piecrust left, prick it generously with a fork to retain its shape, and bake a good color. In a cold place, in two or three days, even this will be convenient to use, when the pies have all disappeared. Pare one quart of tart apples, slice and stew them with one spoonful of water and one of vinegar, one spoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and one cup of sugar. The flavor may be varied by using cinnamon or nutmeg or vanilla or lemon at different times; it gives a variety. Cover and simmer the apples till transparent and done. Then pour into the paste in the pudding dish. Frost with the sweetened and frothed whites of two or three eggs, and brown delicately in the oven. The yolks of those two or three eggs, kept with a spoonful of water, can form part of the breakfast omelet. A quart of peaches, treated in exactly the same way, makes another dessert, only they should merely be heated through to melt the butter, and the vinegar should be omitted. A quart of cranberries may be turned to the same account, and made into a very handsome and rich dessert; but they require more butter and sugar, and are amply acid without vinegar. The uses of breads left over we must leave for another chapter.—SELECTED.





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DON'T WORRY YOURSELF and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—We have on hand a few copies of this beautiful book which the publishers originally sold at \$1.00 per copy. The contents are well selected poems with handsome illustrations printed on heavy paper, gilt edge, handsomely bound in cloth with embossed side stamp in gold. The supply is limited to less than one hundred copies, but we will close them out at 50 cents per copy, by mail post paid, or give one copy as a premium to any one who will send us two new subscribers at \$1.00 each.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.—Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, N. Y., are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and ad-

dress on a postal card and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

OUR ADVERTISERS.—We believe that all the advertisements in this magazine are from reliable business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable people. If subscribers find any of them otherwise, we should be glad to be advised of it.

SEND your full name and address to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., by return mail, and get, *free from all cost*, a coupon worth several dollars if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention.

NEWSDEALERS throughout the country take subscriptions for this publication. If you are an occasional buyer of the magazine, but prefer to have it sent regularly to your address by mail, send your subscription direct to us or hand it to your newsdealer, as you prefer.

RIDE A WHEEL.—The present is a bicycle age, and the coming season will see more women cyclists than ever before. The ladies are beginning to realize the pleasures and benefits derived from riding a bicycle. In the advertising pages of this issue will be found announcements of several first-class bicycles. It will pay you to look up the dealers in your town who handle these various wheels; should your dealer not have them, send direct to the home office for catalogues.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE.—Bruises are more or less a part of the active life of mankind in this generation. There are carpets to put down, a loose board to nail and a dozen other things to do in which the amateur mechanic is not at all skillful: results, bruised fingers. For all bruises, inflammations and hemorrhages Pond's Extract will give prompt relief. It has borne the test of many years constant use by a discerning people.

A PATRIOT PREACHER.



WM. COPP

REV. WM. COPP
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FOR COLDS AND COUGHS, TAKE



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WORLD'S FAIR.

MADE BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
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A LITTLE MIXED.

Miss Wabash — Will I see you at the Thornbornes' masquerade to-morrow? Mr. Beaconstreet — Yes; I shall go as a monk. Miss Wabash — Oh, how lovely! And will a hurdy-gurdy man have you on a string?"

FAILED TO BURN HIS FENCES.

Angelina — There is no use in talking, mother. All is over between us.

Mother — What has happened?

Angelina — Two minutes after George left me at the gate last evening, he uttered a terrible curse.

Mother — Shocking! What caused it?

Angelina — I don't know for sure, mother, but when I turned the light up in the parlor I found a twenty-five cent piece where George had been sitting. I am afraid George is no gentleman.

AFRAID OF HIMSELF.

"Jedge," said the colored witness, "I wish you please, sah, make that lawyer stop pesterin' me!"

"But he has a right to question you."

"Dat may be, Jedge, but I'se got a kinder rattlin' in my head, en ef he worry me much, fust t'ing you know I'll tell de truth 'bout dis matter!"

EXTRAORDINARY AIR.

"No," said the gentleman from Boomville, "I wouldn't like to brag about the invigorating quality of the atmosphere out our way, but I will simply cite that a feller in our town is making a good living by compressing it and sending it East for bicycle riders to use in filling their tires. It has such elastic and lively qualities that

the speed of the machine is increased from forty to eighty per cent."

WHAT HE SUPPOSED.

The efforts of a certain literary man to turn himself into a successful "hen farmer," on an estate of two acres, afford his agricultural neighbors some excitement, and no end of amusement. It is credibly related that, during the first year of his poultering, the amateur farmer discovered that all his little chickens, which were confined in coops, were languishing and dying. He went over all his books to see if he could find what ailed them, but in vain.

At last he called in one of his neighbors, and, showing him the thin and weak surviving chicks, asked:

"What do you suppose is the matter with those chickens?"

"Well, I dunno," said the farmer; "what do you feed 'em?"

"Feed them? Why, I don't feed them anything!"

"Then how did you expect they were goin' to live?"

"Why, I supposed the old hens had milk enough for them now!"

HOW HE BROKE THE ICE.

According to a story in *Punch*, a bashful young man said to a lady at a dinner-party:

"I've got to take you in to dinner, Miss Travers, and I'm rather afraid of you, you know. Mrs. Jolibois tells me you're very clever."

The young lady was naturally amused by this display of simplicity.

"How absurd!" she exclaimed.

"I'm not a bit clever."

The man heaved a sigh of relief, and answered: "Well, do you know, I thought you weren't."

WANTED HANDS

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One irate dame whose husband asked, "Why, how old are you that you pay the fool like this?" was so incensed that she took off her slipper and belabored the unfortunate man until he had no breath left to repeat the query. When marital disagreements finally resulted in a separation, the same question was repeated in court, and the wife answered in great excitement that her age concerned nobody. The judge, serene in the knowledge that he had ways and means to discover the great secret, simply smiled. Ordinary mortals, however, not having such means at their disposal, are unable to ascertain such home truths; hence it frequently happens that a man is utterly unable to state his own wife's age. One man, answering the question, simply stated that he had "never troubled himself on the subject," and apologetically added that "it would be a most impolite question to ask."

The question was once mooted in society at what period of life old age begins for a woman. A handsome young matron said, "As soon as a woman is incapable of awaking love;" another said, "On the appearance of the first gray hair;" a third that "the turning point was the confirmation of her eldest child." It is related that the grandmother, Mrs. H. W. Beecher, a handsome silver-haired dame of sixty, in whose honor a certain company had been assembled, was asked:

"Grandmother, when do women begin to grow old?"

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